



Don't she pine?

Thornthwaite

M^{rs} ROCK as VILLETTE.

Indeed, my friend, you are too ugly for me; tho' I am not handsome myself. I love to play with those that are.

S

DR

The I

Pr

Book



Don't she pine?

Thornthwaite

M^{rs} ROCK as VILLETTE.

Indeed, my friend, you are too ugly for me; tho' I am not handsome myself. I love to play with those that are.

S

DR

The I

Pr

Book

SHE WOU'D AND SHE WOU'D NOT,
OR, ^{1777. a. 4.}
THE KIND IMPOSTOR. 1 - 6.

A
COMEDY,
By COLLEY CIBBER, Esq.

ADAPTED FOR
THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,
AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRES-ROYAL,
DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,
By Permission of the Managers.

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation."

LONDON:

Printed for the Proprietors, under the Direction of
JOHN BELL, British-Library, STRAND,
Bookseller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES.

MDCCXCII.



TO THE
MOST ILLUSTRIOUS
JAMES,
DUKE OF ORMOND.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,

OUR late happy news from Vigo had so general an influence on the minds of the people, that it's no wonder this play had a favourable reception, when the cheerfulness and good humour of the town inclined 'em to encourage every thing that carried the least pretence to divert 'em : but the best part of its fortune is, that its appearing first this season has given it a sort of title to your Grace's protection, by being at the same time (among many other acknowledgments) the instrument of the stage's general thanks for the prosperous days we promise ourselves, from the consequence of so glorious an action ; an action which, considered with the native greatness of your mind, will easily persuade us, that the only reason to suppose the ancient heroes greater than the moderns is, that they had better poets to record 'em ; but, from your Grace's conduct this summer, we are convinced that their poetry may now outlive their greatness ; and if modesty would suffer truth to speak, she'd plainly say, what they did, fell as short of you, as what you did, exceeds what they have greatly said ; that they wrote as boldly as the English fight ; and you lead them with the same spirit that the ancients wrote.

91

The nation's public and solemn praise to Heaven, and that under their represented thanks in parliament to you, the universal joy, and the deafening acclamations that echoed your return, were strong confessions of a benefit received beyond their power to repay; and to oblige beyond that power is truly great and glorious. But providence has fixed you in so eminent a degree of honour and of fortune, that nothing but the glory of the action can reward it. The unfeigned and growing wishes you have planted in the people's hearts, are a sincere acknowledgment that's never paid but when great actions like your own deserve it, which have been so frequent in the dangerous and delightful service of your country, that you at last have warmed their gratitude into a cordial love; for 'tis hard to say that we were more pleased with our victory than that the Duke of Ormond brought it us. But I forget myself; the pleasure of the subject had almost made me insensible of the danger of offending. If I were speaking to the world only, I have said too little; but while your grace is my reader, I know the severity of your virtue won't easily forgive me unless I let the subject fall, and immediately conclude myself,

May it please your Grace,

Your Grace's most devoted,

Most obliged,

And most obedient Servant,

C. CIBBER.

SHE WOU'D AND SHE WOU'D NOT.

COLLEY CIBBER seems to have been fond of the intrigue which he found, or could more probably frame, in Spanish plots.—They produce bustle and a croud of incidents, which carry off flimsy sentiments and weak diction. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER seem to have led this Spanish fashion among our dramatists, and all the derived magic of their poetic powers sleeps whenever they indulge in these busy novel plays.

The present drama is from the *Trapanner trapped*; it is lively, whimsical, and very pleasant—it acts better than it reads.—Often performed, the public need not be told, that there might be a little prurient dialogue suppressed, without much injury to the author's moral character, or the excellence of the play.

PROLOGUE.

*CRITICS! tho' plays without your smiles subsist,
Yet this was writ to reach you gen'rous taste,
And not in stern contempt of any other guest.
Our humble author thinks a play should be,
Tho' ty'd to rules, like a good sermon, free
From pride, and stoop to each capacity.
Tho' he dares not, like some, depend alone
Upon a single character new shewn;
Or only things well said, to draw the town.
Such plays, like looser beauties, may have pow'r
To please, and sport away a wanton hour;
But wit and humour, with a just design,
Charm, as when beauty, sense, and virtue join.
Such was his just attempt, though 'tis confess
He's only vain enough t' have done his best;
For rules are but the posts that mark the course,
Which way the rider should direct his horse:
He that mistakes his ground is eas'ly beat,
Tho' he that runs it true mayn't do the feat;
For 'tis the straining genius that must win the heat.
O'er chokejade to the ditch a jade may lead,
But the true proof of Pegasus's breed,
Is when the last act turns the lands with Dimple's speed.
View then, in short, the method that he takes:
His plot and persons he from nature makes,
Who for no bribe of jest he willingly forsakes;*

*His wit, if any, mingles with his plot,
Which should on no temptation be forgot :
His action's in the time of acting done,
No more than from the curtain, up and down :
While the first music plays he moves his scene
A little space, but never shifts again.*

*From his design no person can be spar'd,
Or speeches lopt, unless the whole be marr'd.
No scenes of talk for talking's sake are shewn,
Where most abruptly, when their chat is done,
Actors go off because the poet——can't go on.
His first act offers something to be done,
And all the rest but lead that action on ;
Which, when pursuing scenes i' th' end discover,
The game's run down, of course the play is over.
Thus much he thought 'twas requisite to say,
(For all here are not critics born) that they
Who only us'd to like, might learn to taste a play.*

*But now he flies for refuge to the fair,
Whom he must own the ablest judges here.
Since all the springs of his design but move
From beauty's cruelty subdu'd by love ;
E'en they, whose hearts are yet untouch'd, must know,
In the same case, sure, what their own wou'd do :
You best should judge of love, since love is born of you.*

Dramatis Personae.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

DON MANUEL, *father to Rosara*, - - Mr. Edwin.
DON PHILIP, *slighted by Hypolita*, - Mr. Wroughton.
DON LOUIS, *nephew to Don Manuel*, - Mr. Booth.
OCTAVIO, *in love with Rosara*, - - Mr. Davies.
TRAPPANTI, *a cast servant of Don* }
Philip's, - - - } Mr. Lewis.
SOTO, *servant to Don Philip*, - - Mr. Wewitzer.

Women.

HYPOLITA, *secretly in love with Don* }
Philip, - - - } Mrs. Bates.
ROSARA, *in love with Octavio*, - - Mrs. Lewis.
FLORA, *confidant to Hypolita*, - - Mrs. Martyr.
VILETTA, *woman to Rosara*, - - Mrs. Wilson.

Host, Alguazil, and Servants.

SCENE, Madrid.





SHE WOU'D AND SHE WOU'D NOT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Inn in Madrid. Enter TRAPPANTI alone, talking to himself.

INDEED, my friend Trappanti, thou'rt in a very thin condition; thou hast neither master, meat, nor money: not but, couldst thou part with that unappeaseable itch of eating too, thou hast all the ragged virtues that were requisite to set up an ancient philosopher: contempt and poverty, kicks, thumps, and thinking, thou hast endured with the best of them; but—when fortune turns thee up to hard fasting, that is to say, positively not eating at all, I perceive thou art a downright dunce, with the same stomach and no more philosophy than a hound upon horse-flesh—Fasting's the devil!—Let me see—this I take it is the most frequented inn about Madrid, and if a keen guest or two should drop in now—Hark!

Host. [Within.] Take care of the gentlemen's horses there; see them well rubbed and littered.

Trap. Just alighted! if they do but stay to eat now! Impudence assist me. Ha! a couple of pretty young sparks, faith!

Enter HYPOLITA and FLORA in Mens' Habits, a Servant with a Portmanteau.

Trap. Welcome to Madrid, sir; welcome, sir.

Flo. Sir, your servant.

Serv. Have the horses pleased your honour?

Hyp. Very well indeed, friend. Pr'ythee, set down the portmanteau, and see that the poor creatures want nothing: they have performed well, and deserve our care.

Trap. I'll take care of that, sir. Here, ostler!

[Exeunt Trap. and Servant.]

Flo. And pray, madam, what do I deserve that have lost the use of limbs to keep pace with you? 'Sheart! you whipped and spurred like a fox-hunter: it's a sign you had a lover in view: I'm sure my shoulders ache as if I had carried my horse on them.

Hyp. Poor Flora! thou art fatigued indeed; but I shall find a way to thank thee for't.

Flo. Thank me, quotha! Egad, I sha'n't be able to sit this fortnight. Well, I'm glad our journey's at an end however: and now, madam, pray what do you propose will be the end of our journey?

Hyp. Why, now, I hope the end of my wishes—Don Philip, I need not tell you how far he is in my heart.

Flo. No, your sweet usage of him told me that

long enough ago; but now, it seems, you think fit to confess it: and what is it you love him for, pray?

Hyp. His manner of bearing that usage.

Flo. Ah, dear pride! how we love to have it tickled! But he does not bear it, you see, for he's coming post to Madrid to marry another woman; nay, one he never saw.

Hyp. An unknown face can't have very far engaged him.

Flo. How came he to be engaged to her at all?

Hyp. Why, I engaged him.

Flo. To another!

Hyp. To my whole sex rather than own I loved him.

Flo. Ah, done like a woman of courage!

Hyp. I could not bear the thought of parting with my power; besides, he took me at such an advantage, and pressed me so home to a surrender, I could have torn him piece-meal.

Flo. Ay, I warrant you, an insolent—agreeable puppy. “Well, but to leave impertinence, madam, pray how came you to squabble with him?”

“*Hyp.* I'll tell thee, Flora: you know Don Philip wants no charms that can recommend a lover; in birth and quality I confess him my superior; and it is the thought of that has been a constant thorn upon my wishes. I never saw him in the humblest posture, but still I fancied he secretly presumed his rank and fortune might deserve me: this always stung my pride, and made me overact

“ it: nay, sometimes when his sufferings have almost
 “ drawn tears into my eyes, I have turned the sub-
 “ ject with some trivial talk, or hummed a spiteful
 “ tune, though I believe his heart was breaking.

“ *Flo.* A very tender principle, truly.

“ *Hyp.* Well, I don't know, it was in my nature.
 “ But to proceed—this and worse usage continued a
 “ long time; at last, despairing of my heart, he then
 “ resolved to do a violence on his own, by consenting
 “ to his father's commands of marrying a lady of
 “ considerable fortune here in Madrid. The match
 “ is concluded, articles are sealed, and the day is
 “ fixed for his journey. Now the night before he set
 “ out, he came to take his leave of me, in hopes, I
 “ suppose, I would have staid him. I need not tell
 “ you my confusion at the news; and though I could
 “ have given my soul to have deferred it, yet finding
 “ him, unless I bade him stay, resolved upon the
 “ marriage, I (from the pure spirit of contradiction)
 “ swore to myself I would not bid him do it, so called
 “ for my veil, and told him I was in haste, begged
 “ his pardon, your servant, and so whipped to
 “ prayers.

“ *Flo.* Well said again; that was a clincher. Ah,
 “ had not you better been at confession?

“ *Hyp.* Why, really, I might have saved a long
 “ journey by it. To be short, when I came from
 “ church, Don Philip had left this letter at home for
 “ me, without requiring an answer—Read it—

“ *Flo.* [*Reads.*] ‘Your usage has made me justly

"despair of you, and now any change must better
 "my condition; at least, it has reduced me to the
 "necessity of trying the last remedy, marriage with
 "another; if it prove ineffectual, I only wish you
 "may at some hours remember how little cause I
 "have given you to have made me for ever mis-
 "erable. PHILIP."

"Poor gentleman! very hard, by my conscience!
 "Indeed, madam, this was carrying the jest a little
 "too far.

"*Hyp.* Ah, by many a long mile, Flora; but what
 "would you have a woman do when her hand's in?"

"*Flo.* Nay, the truth on it is, we never know the
 "difference between enough and a surfeit;" but
 love be praised, your proud stomach's come down
 for it.

"*Hyp.* Indeed, 'tis not altogether so high as it was.
 In a word, his last letter set me at my wit's end, and
 when I came to myself, you may remember you
 thought me bewitched; for I immediately called for
 my boots and breeches, a straddle we got, and so
 rode after him.

"*Flo.* Why truly, madam, as to your wits, I have
 not much altered my opinion of them, for I can't
 see what you propose by it.

"*Hyp.* My whole design, Flora, lies in this port-
 manteau and these breeches.

"*Flo.* A notable design, no doubt; but pray let's
 hear it.

Hyp. Why, I do propose to be twice married between them.

Flo. How! twice?

Hyp. By the help of the portmanteau I intend to marry myself to Don Philip's new mistress, and then—I'll put off my breeches, and marry him.

Flo. Now I begin to take ye: but pray, what's in the portmanteau, and how came you by it?

Hyp. I hired one to steal it from his servant at the last inn we lay at in Toledo. In it are jewels of value, presents to my bride, good gold store, settlements, and credential letters, to certify that the bearer (which I intend to be myself) is Don Philip, only son and heir of Don Fernando de las Torres, now residing at Seville, whence we came.

Flo. A very smart undertaking, by my troth! And pray, madam, what part am I to act?

Hyp. My woman still; when I can't lie for myself, you are to do it for me in the person of a cousin-german.

Flo. And my name is to be——

Hyp. Don Guzman, Diego, Mendez, or what you please: be your own godfather.

Flo. 'Egad, I begin to like it mightily; this may prove a very pleasant adventure, if we can but come off without fighting, which, by the way, I don't easily perceive we shall; for, to be sure, Don Philip will make the devil to do with us when he finds himself here before he comes hither.

Hyp. Oh, let me alone to give him satisfaction.

Flo. I'm afraid it must be alone if you do give him satisfaction; for my part, I can push no more than I can swim.

Hyp. But can you bully upon occasion?

Flo. I can scold when my blood's up.

Hyp. That's the same thing: bullying would be scolding in petticoats.

Flo. Say ye so? Why then, don, look to yourself; if I don't give you as good as you bring, I'll be content to wear breeches as long as I live, though I lose the end of my sex by it. Well, madam, now you have opened the plot, pray when is the play to begin?

Hyp. I hope to have it all over in less than four hours: we'll just refresh ourselves with what the house affords, comb out our wigs, and wait upon my father-in-law——How now! what would this fellow have?——

Enter TRAPPANTI.

Trap. Servant, gentlemen; I have taken nice care of your nags; good cattle they are, by my troth! right and sound, I warrant them; they deserve care, and they have had it, and shall have it if they stay in this house.—I always stand by, sir, see them rubbed down with my own eyes——Catch me trusting an ostler, I'll give you leave to fill for me, and drink for me too.

Flo. I have seen this fellow somewhere,

Trap. Hey-day! what, no cloth laid! was ever such attendance! Hey, house! tapster! landlord! hey! [*Knocks.*] What was it you bespoke, gentlemen?

Hyp. Really, sir, I ask your pardon, I have almost forgot you.

Trap. Psha! dear sir, never talk of it; I live here hard by—I have a lodging—I can't call it a lodging neither—that is, I have a—Sometimes I am here, and sometimes I am there; and so, here and there one makes shift, you know.—Hey! will these people never come? [*Knocks.*]

Hyp. You give a very good account of yourself, sir.

Trap. Oh, nothing at all, sir. Lord, sir—was it fish or flesh, sir?

Flo. Really, sir, we have bespoke nothing yet.

Trap. Nothing! for shame! it's a sign you are young travellers. You don't know this house, sir; why, they'll let you starve if you don't stir and call, and that like thunder too—Hey! [*Knocks.*]

Hyp. Ha! you eat here sometimes I presume, sir?

Trap. Umph!—Ay, sir, that's as it happens—I seldom eat at home indeed—things are generally, you know, so out of order there that—Did you hear any fresh news upon the road, sir?

Hyp. Only, sir, that the King of France lost a great horse-match upon the Alps t'other day.

Trap. Ha! a very odd place for a horse-race—but the King of France may do any thing—Did you come that way, gentlemen? or—Hey! [*Knocks.*]

Enter Host.

Host. Did you call, gentleman?

Trap. Yes, and bawl too, sir. Here the gentlemen are almost famished, and nobody comes near 'em. What have you in the house now that will be ready presently?

Host. You may have what you please, sir.

Hyp. Can you get us a partridge?

Host. Sir, we have no partridges; but we'll get you what you please in a moment. We have a very good neck of mutton, sir; if you please it shall be clapped down in a moment.

Hyp. Have you no pigeons or chickens?

Host. Truly, sir, we have no fowl in the house at present; if you please you may have any thing else in a moment.

Hyp. Then, pr'ythee, get us some young rabbits.

Host. Upon my word, sir, rabbits are so scarce they are not to be had for money.

Flo. Have you any fish?

Host. Fish, sir! I drest yesterday the finest dish that ever came upon a table; I am sorry we have none left, sir; but if you please you may have any thing else in a moment.

Trap. Pox on thee! hast thou nothing but any thing else in the house?

Host. Very good mutton, sir.

Hyp. Pr'ythee get us a breast then.

Host. Breast! don't you love the neck, sir?

Hyp. Have ye nothing in the house but the neck?

Host. Really, sir, we don't use to be so unprovided, but at present we have nothing else left.

Trap. Faith, sir, I don't know but a nothing else may be very good meat when any thing else is not to be had.

Hyp. Then, pr'ythee, friend, let's have thy neck of mutton before that is gone too.

Trap. Sir, he shall lay it down this minute; I'll see it done, gentlemen, I'll wait upon ye presently; for a minute I must beg your pardon, and leave to lay the cloth myself.

Hyp. By no means, sir.

Trap. No ceremony, dear sir! Indeed I'll do it.

[*Exeunt Host and Trap.*]

Hyp. What can this familiar puppy be?

Flo. With much ado I have recollected his face. Don't you remember, madam, about two or three years ago Don Philip had a trusty servant, called Trappanti, that used now and then to slip a note into your hand as you came from church?

Hyp. Is this he that Philip turned away for saying I was as proud as a beauty, and homely enough to be good humoured?

Flo. The very same I assure ye; only, as you see, starving has altered his air a little.

Hyp. Poor fellow! I am concerned for him. What makes him so far from Seville?

Flo. I am afraid all places are alike to him.

Hyp. I have a great mind to take him into my service; his assurance may be useful as my case stands.

Flo. You would not tell him who you are?

Hyp. There's no occasion for it—I'll talk with him.

Enter TRAPPANTI.

Trap. Your dinner's upon the spit, gentlemen, and the cloth is laid in the best room—Are you not for a whet, sir? What wine? what wine? hey!

Flo. We give you trouble, sir.

Trap. Not in the least, sir—Hey! [*Knocks.*]

Enter Host.

Host. D'ye call, gentlemen?

Hyp. Ay; what wine have ye?

Host. What sort you please, sir.

Flo. Sir, will you please to name it? [*To Trap.*]

Trap. Nay, pray, sir.

Hyp. No ceremony, dear sir! upon my word you shall.

Trap. Upon my soul you'll make me leave ye, gentlemen.

Hyp. Come, come, no words. Pr'ythee, you shall.

Trap. Psha! but why this among friends, now? Here—have ye any right Galicia?

Host. The best in Spain, I warrant it.

Trap. Let's taste it; if it be good, set us out half a dozen bottles for dinner.

Host. Yes, sir.

[*Exit. Host.*]

Flo. Who says this fellow's a starving now? On my conscience, the rogue has more impudence than a lover at midnight.

Hyp. Hang, him, 'tis inoffensive; I'll humour him
 —Pray, sir, (for I find we are like to be better acquainted, therefore I hope you won't take my question ill)——

Trap. Oh, dear sir!

Hyp. What profession may you be of?

Trap. Profession, sir—I—I—'Ods me! here's the wine.

Enter Host.

Come, fill out—hold—let me taste it first—Ye block-head, would ye have the gentleman drink before he knows whether it be good or not? [*Drinks.*]—Yes, 'twill do—Give me the bottle, I'll fill myself. Now, sir, is not that a glass of right wine?

Hyp. Extremely good, indeed—But, sir, as to my question.

Trap. I'm afraid, sir, that mutton won't be enough for us all.

Hyp. Oh, pray sir, bespeak what you please.

Trap. Sir, your most humble servant——Here, master! pr'ythee, get us a—ha! ay, get us a dozen of poached eggs, a dozen, d'ye hear—just to—pop down a little.

Host. Yes, sir. [*Going.*

Trap. Friend——let there be a little slice of bacon to every one of them.

Hyp. But, sir——

Trap. 'Odsol I had like to have forgot——here a—Sancho, Sancho! Ay, is not your name Sancho?

Host. Diego, sir.

Trap. Oh, ay, Diego; that's true indeed, Diego. Umph!

Hyp. I must e'en let him alone; there's no putting in a word till his mouth's full.

Trap. Come, here's to thee, Diego—[*Drinks and fills again.*] That I should forget thy name, though.

Host. No great harm, sir.

Trap. Diego, ha! a very pretty name, faith—I think you are married, are you not, Diego?

Host. Ay, ay, sir.

Trap. Ha! how many children?

Host. Nine girls and a boy, sir.

Trap. Ha! nine girls—Come, here's to thee again, Diego—Nine girls! a stirring woman, I dare say; a good housewife, ha, Diego?

Host. Pretty well, sir.

Trap. Makes all her pickles herself, I warrant ye—Does she do olives well?

Host. Will you be pleased to taste 'em, sir?

Trap. Taste 'em! hum! pr'ythee let's have a plate, Diego.

Host. Yes, sir.

Hyp. And our dinner as soon as you please, sir: when it's ready, call us.

Host. Yes, sir.

[*Exit Host.*]

Hyp. But, sir, I was asking you of your profession.

Trap. Profession! really, sir, I don't use to profess much: I am a plain dealing sort of a man: if I say I'll serve a gentleman, he may depend upon me.

Flo. Have you ever serv'd, sir?

Trap. Not these two last campaigns.

Hyp. How so?

Trap. Some words with my superior officer; I was a little too free in speaking my mind to him.

Hyp. Don't you think of serving again, sir?

Trap. If a good post fall in my way.

Hyp. I believe I could help you—Pray, sir, when you served last did you take pay or wages?

Trap. Pay, sir!—Yes, sir, I was paid, cleared, subsistence and arrears to a farthing.

Hyp. And our late commander's name was—

Trap. Don Philip de las Torres.

Hyp. Of Seville?

Trap. Of Seville.

Hyp. Sir, your most humble servant. You need not be curious, for I am sure you don't know me, though I do you and your condition, which I dare promise you I'll mend upon our better acquaintance: and your first step to deserve it is to answer me honestly to a few questions. Keep your assurance still; it may do me service; I shall like you better for it. Come, here's to encourage you. [*Gives him money.*]

Trap. Sir, my humble service to you.

Hyp. Well said.

Flo. Nay, I'll pass my word he sha'n't dwindle into modesty.

Trap. I never heard a gentleman talk better in my life. I have seen such sort of a face before; but where—I don't know, nor I don't care. It's your glass, sir.

Hyp. "Grammercy! here, cousin. [*Drinks to Flora.*]"

Come now, what made Don Philip turn you out of his service? why did you leave him?

Trap. 'Twas time, I think; his wits had left him—the man was mad.

Hyp. Mad!

Trap. Ay, stark mad—in love.

Hyp. In love! how pray?

Trap. Very deep—up to the ears—over head—drowned by this time—he would in—I would have had him stopped when he was up to the middle.

Hyp. What was she he was in love with?

Trap. The devil.

Hyp. So, now for a very ugly likeness of my own face. [*Aside.*] What sort of a devil?

Trap. The damning sort—a woman.

Hyp. Had she no name?

Trap. Her Christian name was Donna Hypolita, but her proper name was Shittlecock.

Flo. How d'ye like that? [*Aside to Hyp.*

Hyp. Pretty well. [*Aside to Flo.*] Was she handsome:

Trap. Umph—so, so.

Flo. How d'ye like that? [*To Hyp.*

Hyp. Umph—so, so. [*To Flo.*] Had she wit?

Trap. Sometimes.

Hyp. Good humour?

Trap. Very seldom.

Hyp. Proud?

Trap. Ever.

Hyp. Was she honest?

Trap. Very proud.

Hyp. What, had she no good qualities?

Trap. Faith, I don't remember them.

Hyp. Ha! d'ye think she loved him?

Trap. If she did, 'twas as the cobbler loved his wife.

Hyp. How's that?

Trap. Why, he beat her thrice a day, and told his neighbours he loved her ne'er the worse, but he was resolved she should never know it.

Hyp. Did she use him so very ill?

Trap. Like a jade.

Flo. How d'ye do now?

[*To Hyp.*

Hyp. I don't know—methinks, I—But sure; what, was she not handsome, say ye?

Trap. A devilish tongue.

Hyp. Was she ugly?

Flo. Ay, say that at your peril.

[*Aside.*

Hyp. What was she? how did she look?

Trap. Look! why faith the woman looked very well when she had a blush in her face.

Hyp. Did she often blush?

Trap. I never saw her.

Hyp. Never saw her! had she no charm? what made him love her?

Trap. Really, I can't tell.

Flo. How d'ye like the picture, madam? [*Aside.*

Hyp. Oh, oh, extremely well! the rogue has put me into a cold sweat. I am as humble as an offending lover.

Enter Host.

Host. Gentlemen, your dinner's upon the table.

[Exit Host.]

Hyp. That's well. Come, sir; at dinner I'll give you farther instructions how you may serve yourself and me.

Trap. Come, sir.

[To Flora.]

Flo. Nay, dear sir! no ceremony.

Trap. Sir, your very humble servant.

[As they are going, Hyp. stops them.]

Hyp. Come back; here's one I don't care should see me.

Trap. Sir, the dinner will be cold.

Hyp. Do you eat it hot then; we are not hungry.

Trap. Sir, your humble servant again. *[Exit Trap.]*

Flo. You seem concerned; who is it?

Hyp. My brother Octavio, as I live!—Come this way. *[They retire.]*

Enter OCTAVIO and a Servant.

Oct. Jasper, run immediately to Rosara's woman; tell her I am just come to town; slip that note into her hand, and stay for an answer.

Flo. 'Tis he.

Re-enter Host, conducting DON PHILIP.

Host. Here, sir, please to walk this way.

Flo. And Don Philip, by Jupiter!

D. Ph. When my servant comes, send him to me immediately.

Host. Yes, sir.

Hyp. Nay, then, it is time for us to make ready—
Alons! [*Exeunt Hyp. and Flo.*]

Os. Don Philip!

D. Ph. Dear Octavio!

Os. What lucky point of the compass could blow us to one another so?

D. Ph. Faith a wind very contrary to my inclination; but the worst, I see, blows some good. I am overjoyed to see you.—But what makes you so far from the army?

“*Os.* Who thought to have found you so far from
“Seville?”

“*D. Ph.* What do you do at Madrid?”

Os. Oh, friend, such an unfortunate occasion, and yet such a lucky discovery! such a mixture of joy and torment, no poor dog upon earth was ever plagued with.

D. Ph. Unriddle, pray.

Os. Don't you remember, about six months ago, I wrote you word of a dear, delicious, sprightly creature that I had bombarded for a whole summer to no purpose?

D. Ph. I remember.

Os. That same silly, stubborn, charming angel now capitulates.

D. Ph. Then she's taken.

Os. I can't tell that; for you must know her perfidious father, contrary to his treaty with me, and her inclination, is going to——

D. Ph. Marry her to another—

Os. Of a better estate than mine, it seems. She tells me here, he is within a day's march of her, begs me to come upon the spur to her relief; and, if I don't arrive too late, confesses she loves me well enough to open the gates, and let me enter the town before him. There's her express, read it.—

HYPOLITA, FLORA, and TRAPPANTI appear in the Balcony.

Hyp. Hark! they are talking of a mistress—let us observe.

Flo. Trappanti, there's your old master.

Trap. Ay, I know him again; but I may chance to tell him, he did not know a good servant when he had him.

D. Ph. [*Reads.*] 'My father has concluded a match for me with one I never saw, and intends in two days to perfect it: the gentleman is expected every hour. In the mean time, if you know any friend that has a better title to me, advise him forthwith to put in his claim. I am almost out of my senses, which you will easily believe when I tell you, if such a one should make haste, I sha'n't have time to refuse him any thing.'

Hyp. How is this?

D. Phil. No name?

Os. She never would trust it in a letter.

Flo. If this should be Don Philip's mistress?

Trap. Sir, you may take my word it is: I know the lady, and what the neighbours say of her.

Hyp. This was a lucky discovery—but hush.

D. Ph. What will you do in this case?

Oct. That I don't yet know: "I am half distracted;" I have just sent my servant to tell her I am come to town, and beg an opportunity to speak with her; I long to see her; I warrant the poor fool will be so soft and so humble, now she's in a fright.

D. Ph. What will you propose at your meeting her?

Oct. I don't know; may-be another meeting; at least it will come to a kind look, a kiss, good bye, and a sigh—Ah, if I can but persuade her to run away with me!

D. Ph. Consider——

Oct. Ah, so I do! What pleasure 'twould be, to have her steal out of her bed in a sweet moonshiny night; to hear her come pat, pat, pat, along in her slippers, with nothing but a thin silk night-gown loose about her, and in this tempting dress, to have her jump into my arms, breathless with fear; "her panting bosom close to mine, then to stifle her with kisses, and curl myself about her smooth warm limbs, that breathe an healing odour from their pores, enough to make the senses ake, or fancy mad."

D. Ph. Octavio, I envy thee; thou art the happiest man in thy temper——

Os. And thou art the most altered I ever knew. Pr'ythee, what makes thee so much upon the humdrum? Well, are my sister and you come to a right understanding yet? When do you marry?

Hyp. So, now I shall have my picture by another hand.

D. Ph. My condition, Octavio, is very much like your mistress's; she is going to marry the man she never saw, and I the woman.

Os. 'Sdeath, you make me tremble! I hope 'tis not my mistress.

D. Ph. Thy mistress! that were an idle fear; Madrid's a wide place—or if it were, (she loving you) my friendship and my honour would oblige me to desist.

Os. That's generous indeed: but still you amaze me! Are you quite broke off with my sister? I hope she has given you no reason to forget her.

Hyp. Now I tremble.

D. Ph. The most severe that ever beauty printed in the heart of man; a coldness unaccountable to sense.

Os. Psha, dissembled.

Hyp. Hal

D. Ph. I cann't think it; lovers are soon flattered into hope; but she appeared to me indifferent to so nice a point, that she has ruined me without the trouble of resolving it.

Flo. Well, men are fools.

Os. And by this time she's in fits for your leaving her; 'tis her nature; I know her from her bib and baby: I remember, at five years old, the vixen has fasted three days together, in pure spite to her governess.

Hyp. So!

Os. Nothing could ever, in appearance, make her pleased or angry; always too proud to be obliged, too high to be affronted, and thought nothing so low as to seem fond of revenge: she had a stomach that could digest every thing but humility.

Hyp. Good lack, Mr. Wit!

Os. Yet, with all this, I have sometimes seen her good-natured, generous, and tender.

Hyp. There the rogue was civil again.

D. Ph. I have thought so too. [*Sighing.*]

Hyp. How can he speak of me with so much generosity?

Os. For all her usage of you, I'll be racked if she did not love you,

D. Ph. I rather think she hated me: however, now 'tis past, and I must endeavour to think no more of her.

Hyp. Now I begin to hate myself.

Os. Then you are determined to marry this other lady?

D. Ph. That's my business to Madrid.

Trap. Which shall be done to your hand.

D. Ph. Besides, I am now obliged by contract.

Oct. Then, (though she be my sister) may some jealous, old, ill-natured dog revenge your quarrel to her.

Hyp. Thank you, sir.

D. Ph. Come, forget it.

Hyp. Come, we have seen enough of the enemy's motions, to know 'tis time for us to decamp.

[*Exeunt Hyp. Flo. and Trap.*]

Oct. With all my heart; let's go in and drink your new mistress's health. When do you visit her?

D. Ph. I intended it immediately, but an unlucky accident has hindered me: one of my servants fell sick upon the road, so that I am forced to make shift with one, and he is the most negligent sottish rogue in nature; has left my portmanteau, where all my writings and letters of concern are, behind him at the last town we lay at, so that I can't properly visit the lady or her father, till I am able to assure them who I am.

Oct. Why don't you go back yourself to see for them?

D. Ph. I have sent my servant, for I am really tired: I was loath to appear so much concerned for them, least the rascal should think it worth his while to run away with them.

Enter Servant to OCTAVIO.

Oct. How now?

Serv. Here's an answer, sir.

[*Gives a letter.*]

D ij

Oct. [*To D. Ph.*] My dear friend, I beg a thousand pardons; I must leave you this minute; the kind creature has sent for me. I am a soldier, you know, and orders must be obeyed; when I come off o' duty I'll immediately wait upon you.

D. Ph. You'll find me hear, or here of me. Adieu. Here, house! [*Exit Oct.*]

Enter Host.

Pr'ythee, see if my servant be come yet.

Host. I believe he is, sir; is he not in blue?

D. Ph. Ay, where is the sot?

Host. Just refreshing himself with a glass at the gate.

D. Ph. Pray, tell the gentleman I'd speak with him.—[*Exit Host.*] In all the necessities of life, there is not a greater plague than servants. Hey, Soto!

Enter Soto drunk.

Sot. Did you please to—such!—call, sir?

D. Ph. What's the reason, blockhead, I must always wait upon you thus?

Sot. Sir, I did not know any thing of it. I—I—came as soon as you se—se—se—sent for me.

D. Ph. And why not without sending, sir? Did you think I expected no answer to the business I sent you about?

Sot. Yes, sir—I did think you would be willing—that is—to have an account—so I staid to take a glass

at the door, because I would not be out of the way—huh!

D. Ph. You are drunk, rascal!—Where's the portmanteau?

Sot. Sir, I am here—if you please I'll give you the whole account how the matter is—huh!

D. Ph. My mind misgives me—speak, villain!—

[*Strikes him.*]

Sot. I will, sir, as soon as I can put my words into an intelligible order: I ar'n't running away, sir.

D. Ph. To the point, sirrah.

Sot. Not of your sword, dear sir!

D. Ph. Sirrah, be brief, or I'll murder you: where's the portmanteau?

Sot. Sir, as I hope to breathe, I made all the strictest search in the world, and drank at every house upon the road going and coming, and asked about it; and so at last, as I was coming within a mile of the town here, I found then—

D. Ph. What?

Sot. That it must certainly be lost.

D. Ph. Dog! d'ye think this must satisfy me?

[*Beats him.*]

Sot. Lord, sir, you won't hear reason—Are you sure you ha'n't it about you?—If I know any thing of it I wish I may be burnt!

D. Ph. Villain! your life can't make me satisfaction.

Sot. No, sir, that's hard—a man's life can't—for my part—I—I—

D. Ph. Why do I vent my rage against a sot, a clod of earth? I should accuse myself for trusting him.

Sot. Sir—I had rather—bought a portmanteau out of my own pocket than have had such a life about it.

D. Ph. Be dumb!

Sot. Ahuh! Yes.

D. Ph. If this rascal had stole it, sure he would not have ventured to come back again.—I am confounded! Neither Don Manuel nor his daughter know me, nor any of his family. If I should not visit him till I can receive fresh letters from my father, he'll in the mean time think himself affronted by my neglect.—What shall I do?—Suppose I go and tell him my misfortune, and beg his patience till we can hear again from Seville. I must think. Hey, sot!

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter HYPOLITA, FLORA, and TRAPPANTI.

Trap. Hold, sir, let me touch up your foretop a little.

Hyp. "So! my gloves"—Well, Trappanti, you know your business, and if I marry the lady, you know my promise too.

Trap. Sir, I shall remember them both—'Odso! I had like to have forgot—Here, house! a bason and wash-ball—I've a razor about me. Hey! [*Knocks.*]

Hyp. What's the matter?

Trap. Sir, you are not shaved..

Hyp. Shaved!

Trap. Ever while you live, sir, go with a smooth chin to your mistress. Hey ! [Knocks.

Hyp. This puppy does so plague me with his impertinence, I shall laugh out and discover myself.

Trap. Why, Diego !

Hyp. Psha ! pr'ythee don't stand fooling, we're in haste.

Flo. Ay, ay, shave another time.

Trap. Nay, what you please, sir ; your beard is not much, you may wear it to-day.

[Taking her by the chin.

Flo. Ay, and to-morrow too : pray, sir, will you see the coach ready, and put in the things.

Trap. Sir, I'll see the coach ready, and put in the things. [Exit Trap.

Flo. Come, madam, courage ! Now, let's do something for the honour of our sex, give a proof of our parts, and tell mankind we can contrive, fatigue, bustle, and bring about as well as the best of them.

Hyp. Well said, Flora : for the honour of our sex be it then, and let the grave dons think themselves as wise as they please ; but Nature knows there goes more wit to the management of some amours, than the hardest point in politics ;

Therefore to men th' affair of state's confin'd,

Wisely to us the state of love's assign'd,

As love's the weightier bus'ness of mankind. [Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Don MANUEL's House. Enter ROSARA and VILETTA.

Viletta.

HEAR reason.

Ros. Talk of Octavio then.

Vil. How do you know but the gentlemen your father designs you for may prove as pretty a fellow as he? If you should happen to like him as well, would not that do your business as well?

Ros. Do you expect Octavio should thank you for this?

Vil. The gentleman is no fool.

Ros. He'll hate any one that is not a friend to his love.

Vil. Hang them, say I: but can't one quench the thirst without jumping into the river? Is there no difference between cooling and drowning? Octavio's now in a very good post—keep him there—I know the man; he understands the business he is in to a hair; but, faith, you'll spoil him; he's too pretty a fellow, and too poor a one for an husband.

Ros. Poor! he has enough.

Vil. That's the most he has.

Ros. 'Twill do our business.

Vil. But when you have no portion (which I'm afraid you won't have with him) he'll soon have

enough of you, and how will your business be done then, pray?

Ros. Psha! you talk like a fool.

Vil. Come, come, if Octavio must be the man, I say let Don Philip be the husband.

Ros. I tell you, fool, I'll have no man but an husband, and no husband but Octavio: when you find I am weary of him, I'll give you leave to talk to me of somebody else.

Vil. In vain, I see—I have done, madam—one must have time to be wise: but, in the mean while, what do ye resolve? positively not to marry Don Philip?

Ros. I don't know what I shall do till I see Octavio. When did he say he would be here?

Vil. Oh! I dare not tell you, madam.

Ros. Why?

Vil. I am bribed to the contrary.

Ros. By whom?

Vil. Octavio; he just now sent me this lovely piece of gold not to tell you what time he would be here.

Ros. Nay then, Viletta, here are two pieces that are twice as lovely; tell me, when shall I see him?

Vil. Umph! these are lovely pieces indeed.

[Smiling.]

Ros. When, Viletta?

Vil. Have you no more of them, madam?

Ros. Psha! there, take purse and all; will that content thee?

Vil. Oh, dear madam! I should be unconscionable to desire more; but really I was willing to have them all first. [*Curtseying.*]

Ros. When will he come?

Vil. Why, the poor gentleman has been hankering about the house this quarter of an hour; but I did not observe, madam, you were willing to see him till you had convinced me by so plain a proof.

Ros. Where's my father?

Vil. Fast asleep in the great chair.

Ros. Fetch him in then before he wakes.

Vil. Let him wake, his habit will protect him.

Ros. His habit!

Vil. Ay, madam, he's turned friar to come at you: if your father surprises us, I have a lie ready to back him.—Hist, Octavio! you may enter.

Enter OCTAVIO, in a Friar's Habit.

OA. After a thousand frights and fears, do I live to see my dear Rosara once again, and kind?

Ros. What shall we do, Octavio?

[*Looking kindly on him.*]

OA. Kind creature! Do! why, as lovers should do; what nobody can undo; let's run away this minute, tie ourselves fast in the church-knot, and defy fathers and mothers.

Ros. And fortunes too?

OA. Psha! we shall have it one day: they must leave their money behind them.

Ros. Suppose you first try my father's good-nature? You know he once encouraged your addresses.

Oct. First, let's be fast married: perhaps he may be good-natured when he can't help it: "if we should try him now, 'twill but set more upon his guard against us: since we are listed under Love," don't let us serve in a separate garrison. Come, come, stand to your arms, whip a suit of night-clothes into your pocket, and let's march off in a body together.

Ros. Ah! my father!

Oct. Dead!

Vil. To your function.

Enter Don MANUEL.

D. Man. Viletta!

Vil. Sir.

D. Man. Where's my daughter?

Vil. Hist! don't disturb her.

D. Man. Disturb her! Why, what's the matter?

Vil. She's at confession, sir.

D. Man. Confession! I don't like that; a young woman ought to have no sins at all.

Vil. Ah! dear sir, there's no living without them.

D. Man. She's now at years of discretion.

Vil. There's the danger, sir; she's just of the tast-
ing age: one has really no relish of a sin till fifteen.

D. Man. Ah! then the jades have swinging sto-
machs. I find her aversion to the marriage I have

proposed her has put her upon disobedient thoughts: there can be no confession without guilt.

Vil. Nor no pardon, sir, without confession.

D. Man. Fiddle faddle! I won't have her seem wicked. Hussy, you shall confess for her; I'll have her send her sins by you; you know 'em, I'm sure; but I'll know what the friar has got out of her—
Save you, father.

OA. Bless you, son.

D. Man. How now! What's become of Father Benedict? Why is not he here?

Vil. Sir, he is not well; and so desired this gentlemen, his brother here, to officiate for him.

D. Man. He seems very young for a confessor.

Vil. Ay, sir; he has not been long at it.

OA. Nor don't desire to be long in it: I wish I understand it well enough to make a fool of my old don here.

[*Aside.*

D. Man. Well, sir, how do you find the pulse of iniquity beat there? What sort of sin has she most stomach to?

OA. Why truly, sir, we have all frailties, and your daughter has had most powerful temptations.

D. Man. Nay, the devil has been very busy with her these two days.

OA. She has told me a most lamentable story.

D. Man. Ten to one but this lamentable story proves a most damnable lie.

OA. Indeed, son, I find by her confession that you

are much to blame for your tyrannical government of her.

D. Man. Hey-day! what, has the jade been inventing sins for me, and confessing them instead of her own? Let me come—she shall be locked up till she repents them too.

Os. Son, forbear; this is now a corroboration of your guilt: this is inhuman.

D. Man. Sir, I have done; but pray, if you please, let's come to the point: what are these terrible cruelties that this tender lady accuses me of?

Os. Nay, sir, mistake her not: she did not with any malicious design expose your faults, but as her own depended on them; her frailties were the consequence of your cruelty.

D. Man. Let's have them both antecedent and consequent.

Os. Why, she confessed her first maiden innocent affection had long been settled upon a young gentleman, whose love to her you once encouraged, and after their most solemn vows of mutual faith, you have most barbarously broke in upon her hopes; and to the utter ruin of her peace, contracted her to a man she never saw.

D. Man. Very good! I see no harm in all this.

Os. Methinks the welfare of a daughter, sir, might be of weight enough to make you serious.

D. Man. Serious! so I am, sir. What a devil! must I needs be melancholy, because I have got her a good husband?

Os. Her melancholy may tell you, sir, she can't think him a good one.

D. Man. Sir, I understand thinking better than she, and I'll make her take my word.

Os. What have you to object against the man she likes?

D. Man. The man I like.

Os. Suppose the unhappy youth she loves should throw himself distracted at your feet, and try to melt you into pity.

D. Man. Ay! that if he can.

Os. You would not, sir, refuse to hear him.

D. Man. Sir, I shall not refuse him any thing that I am sure will signify nothing.

Os. Were you one moment to reflect upon the pangs which separated lovers feel, were Nature dead in you, that thought might wake her.

D. Man. Sir, when I am asked to do a thing I have not a mind to do, my nature sleeps like a top.

Os. Then I must tell you, sir, this obstinacy obliges me, as a churchman, to put you in mind of your duty, and to let you know too you ought to pay more reverence to our order.

D. Man. Sir, I am not afraid of the sin of marrying my daughter to the best advantage; and so, if you please, father, you may walk home again—when any thing lies upon my conscience, I'll send for you.

Os. Nay, then 'tis time to claim a lover's right, and to tell you, sir, the man that dares to ask Rosara from me is a villain.

[*Throws off his disguise.*]

ÆT II. SHE WOU'D AND SHE WOU'D NOT. 43

Vil. So! here will be fine work! [*Aside.*

D. Man. O'tavio! the devil!

Os. You'll find me one, unless you do me speedy justice: since not the bonds of honour, nature, nor submissive reason can oblige you, I am reduced to take a surer, shorter way, and force you to be just. I leave you, sir, to think on't. [*Walks about angrily.*

D. Man. Ah! here's a confessor! ah! that jade of mine!—and that other jade of my jade's!—Here has been rare doings!—Well! it sha'n't hold long; madam shall be noosed to-morrow morning—Ha! Sir's in a great passion here, but it won't do—those long strides, don, will never bring you the sooner to your mistress.—Rosara! step into that closet, and fetch my spectacles off o' the table there. Tum! tum! [*Sings.*

Vil. I don't like the old gentleman's looks. [*Aside.*

Ros. This obstinacy of yours, my dear father, you shall find runs in the family.

[*Exit Rosara, and Don Man. locks her in.*

D. Man. Tum! dum! dum! [*Sings.*

Os. Sir, I would advise you, as your nearest friend, to defer this marriage for three days.

D. Man. Tum! dum! dum!

Vil. Sir, you have locked my mistress in. [*Pertly.*

D. Man. Tum! dum! dum!

Vil. If you please to lend me the key, sir, I'll let her out.

D. Man. Tum! dum! dum!

Os. You might afford me at least, as I am a gentleman, a civil answer, sir.

D. Man. Why then, in one word, sir, you shall not marry my daughter; and, as you are a gentleman, I'm sure you won't think it good manners to stay in my house, when I submissively beg of you to walk out.

Os. You are the father of my mistress, and something, sir, too old to answer as you ought this wrong, therefore I'll look for reputation where I can with honour take it; and since you have obliged me to leave your house, I'll watch it carefully; I'll know who dares enter it. This, sir, be sure of, the man that offers at Rosara's love shall have one virtue, courage at least; I'll be his proof of that, and ere he steps before me, force him to deserve her. [*Exit Oct.*]

D. Man. Ah! poor fellow! he's mad now, and does not know what he would be at.—But, however, 'twill be no harm to provide against him—Who waits there?

Enter a Servant.

Run you for an alguazil, and bid your fellows arm themselves; I expect mischief at my door immediately: if Octavio offers any disturbance, knock him down, and bring him before me. [*Exit Serv.*]

Vil. Hist! don't I hear my mistress's voice?

Ros. [*Within.*] Viletta!

Vil. Here, here, madam—Bless me! what's this?

[*Viletta listens at the closet door, and Rosara thrusts a billet to her through the key-hole.*]

Ha! a billet—to Octavio—a—hem.

[*Puts it into her bosom.*]

D. Man. How now, hussy? What are you fumbling about that door for?

Vil. Nothing, sir; I was only peeping to see if my mistress had done prayers yet.

D. Man. Oh! she had as good let them alone, for she shall never come out till she has stomach enough to fall to upon the man I have provided for her. But hark you, Mrs. Modesty, was it you, pray, that let in that able comforter for my babe of grace there?

Vil. Yes, sir, I let him in. [Pertly.]

D. Man. Did you so?—Ha! then if you please, madam,—I'll let you go out—go—go—get a sheet of brown paper, pack up your things, and let me never see that damn'd ugly face of thine as long as I live.

Vil. Bless me! Sir, you are in a strange humour, that you won't know when a servant does as she should do.

D. Man. Thou art strangely impudent.

Vil. Only the farthest from it in the world, sir.

D. Man. Then I am strangely mistaken; didst not thou own just now thou lett'st him in?

Vil. Yes—but 'twas in disguise—for I did not design you should see him, because I know you did not care my mistress should see him.

D. Man. Ha!

Vil. And I knew, at the same time, she had a mind to see him.

D. Man. Ha!

Vil. And you know, sir, that the sin of loving him had laid upon her conscience a great while; so I

thought it high time she should come to a thorough confession.

D. Man. Ha!

Vil. So upon this, sir, as you see—I—I—I let him in, that's all.

D. Man. Nay, if it be so as thou sayest, he was a proper confessor indeed.

Vil. Ay, sir, for you know this was not a spiritual father's business.

D. Man. No, no, this matter was utterly carnal.

Vil. Well, sir, and judge you now if my mistress is not beholden to me?

D. Man. Oh! extremely; but you'll go to hell, my dear, for all this, though, perhaps, you'll choose that place: I think you never much cared for your husband's company; and if I don't mistake, you sent him to Heaven in the old road. Hark! what noise is that?

[*Noise without.*]

Vil. So, Octavio's pushing his fortune—he'll "have a wife or a halter, that's positive—I'll go see."

[*Exit Viletta.*]

Enter a Servant hastily.

D. Man. How now?

Serv. O, sir, Octavio has set upon a couple of gentlemen just as they were alighting out of a coach at the door; one of them, I believe, is he that is to marry my young mistress; I heard them name her name; I'm afraid there will be mischief, sir: there they are, all at it, helter skelter.

D. Man. Run into the hall, take down my back, breast, and head-piece; call an officer; raise the

neighbours; give me my great gun; I'll shoot him out of the garret window. [Exit Don Manuel.

Enter HYPOLITA and FLORA, putting up their Swords, OCTAVIO in the Alguazil's Hands, and TRAPPANTI.

Hyp. Bring him along—This is such an insolence I damn it! at this rate no gentleman can walk the streets.

Flo. I suppose, sir, your business was more with our pockets than our persons. Are our things safe?

Trap. Ay, sir, I secured them as soon as ever I saw his sword out; I guessed his design, and scowered off with the portmanteau.

Hyp. I'll know now who set you on, sir.

Oct. Pr'ythee, young man, don't be troublesome, but thank the rascal, that knocked me down, for your escape.

Hyp. Sir, I'd have you know if you had not been knocked down, I should have owed my escape to the same arm you would have owed the reward for your insolence. Pray, sir, what are you? who knows you?

Oct. I'm glad, at least, to find it is not Don Philip that's my rival. [Aside.

Serv. Sir, my master knows the gentleman very well; he belongs to the army.

Hyp. Then, sir, if you'd have me use you like a gentleman, I desire your meaning of those familiar questions you asked me at the coach side.

Oct. Faith, young gentleman, I'll be very short: I love the lady you are to marry, and if you don't quit

your pretences in two hours, it will entail perpetual danger upon you and your family.

Hyp. Sir, if you please, the danger's equal—for rot me, if I am not as fond of cutting your throat as you can be of mine.

Os. If I were out of these gentlemen's hands, on my word, sir, you should not want an opportunity.

Hyp. O, sir! these gentlemen shall protect neither of us; my friend and I'll be your bail from them.

Flo. Ay, sir, we'll bail you; and if you please, sir, bring your friend, I'm his. Damn me! what, d'ye think you have boys to deal with?

Os. Sir, I ask your pardon, and shall desire to kiss your hands about an hour hence at—— [*Whispers.*

Flo. Very well, sir, we'll meet you.

Hyp. Release the gentleman.

Serv. Sir, we dare not without my master's order. Here he is, sir.

Enter Don MANUEL.

D. Man. How now, bully confessor? What! in limbo?

Hyp. Sir, Don Ferdinando de las Torres, whom I am proud to call my father, commanded me to deliver this into the hands of his most dear and worthy friend, Don Manuel Grimaldi, and at the same time gave me assurance of a kind reception.

D. Man. Sir, you are thrice welcome; let me embrace ye. I'm overjoy'd to see you—Your friend, sir?

Hyp. Don Pedro Velada, my near relation, who has done me the honour of his company from Se-

ville, sir, to assist at the solemnity of his friend's happiness.

D. Man. Sir, you are welcome; I shall be proud to know you.

Flo. You do me honour, sir.

D. Man. I hope you are not hurt, gentlemen.

Hyp. Not at all, sir; thanks to a little skill in the sword.

D. Man. I am glad of it; however, give me leave to interrupt our business for a moment, till I have done you justice on the person that offered you this insolence at my gate.

Hyp. Your pardon, sir; I understand he is a gentleman, and beg you would not let my honour suffer, by receiving a lame reparation from the law.

D. Man. A pretty mettled fellow, faith—I must not let him fight though. [*Aside.*] But, sir, you don't know, perhaps, how deeply this man is your enemy?

Hyp. Sir, I know more of his spleen and folly than you imagine, which, if you please to discharge him, I'll acquaint you with.

D. Man. Discharge him! Pray consider, sir——

[*They seem to talk.*]

Enter VILETTA, and slips a Note into OCTAVIO's Hand.

Vil. Send your answer to me. [*Exit Vil.*]

Oct. [*Aside.*] Now for a beam of hope in a tempest.
[*Reads.*] 'I charge you don't hazard my ruin and your own by the madness of a quarrel: the closet

window where I am is but a step to the ground : be at the back-door of the garden exactly at the close of the evening, where you will certainly find one that may put you in the best way of getting rid of a rival.' Dear, kind creature ! Now if my little don's fit of honour does but hold out to bail me, I am the happiest dog in the universe.

D. Man. Well, sir, since I find your honour is dipt so deep in the matter—here—release the gentleman.

Flo. So, sir, you have your freedom ; you may depend upon us.

Hyp. You will find us punctual.——Sir, your servant.

Oct. So, now I have a very handsome occasion to put off the tilt too. Gentlemen, I ask your pardon ; I begin to be a little sensible of the rashness I committed ; and I confess your manner of treating me has been so very much like men of honour, that I think myself obliged, from the same principle, to assure ye, that though I love Rosara equal to my life, yet no consideration shall persuade me to be a rude enemy, even to my rival. I thank you for my freedom, and am your humble servant. [*Exit Oct.*]

Hyp. Your servant, sir—I think we released my brother very handsomely ; but I ha'n't done with him. [*Aside to Flora.*]

D. Man. What can this sudden turn of civility mean ? I'm afraid 'tis but a cloak to some new roguery he has in his head.

Hyp. I don't know how old it may be, but my ser-

vant here has discovered a piece of villany of his that exceeds any other he can be capable of.

D. Man. Is it possible? Why would you let him go then?

Hyp. Because I'm sure it can do me no harm, sir.

D. Man. Pray, be plain, sir; what is it?

Hyp. This fellow can inform you—for to say truth, he's much better at a lie. [Aside.

D. Man. Come hither, friend; pray, what is this business?

Hyp. Ay, what was that you overheard between Octavio and another gentleman at the inn where we alighted?

Trap. Why, sir, as I was unbuckling my portmantau in the yard there, I observed Octavio and another spark very familiar with your honour's name; upon which, sir, I pricked up the ears of my curiosity, and took in all their discourse.

D. Man. Pray, who was that other spark, friend?

Trap. A brother rake, sir; a damn'd sly looked fellow.

D. Man. So.

Hlo. How familiarly the rogue treats his old master! [Aside.

Hyp. Poor Don Philip! [Aside.

Trap. Says one of them, says he, No, damn him, the old rogue (meaning you, sir) will never let you have her by fair means; however, says Octavio, I'll try soft words; but if those won't do, bully him, says t'other.

D. Man. Ah, poor dog! but that would not do neither, sir; he has tried them both to-day to no purpose.

Trap. Say you so, sir! then you'll find what I say is all of a-piece. Well, and if neither of these will do, says he, you must e'en tilt the young prig, your rival, (meaning you then, sir.) [*To Hyp.*

D. Man. Ha, ha! that, I perceive, my spark did not greatly care for.

Trap. No, sir; that he found was catching a Tartar. 'Sbud! my master fought like a lion, sir.

Hyp. Truly I did not spare him.

Flo. No, faith—after he was knocked down. [*Aside.*

Trap. But now, sir, comes the cream of the roguery.

Hyp. Pray observe, sir.

Trap. Well, says Slylooks, and if all these fail, I have a rare trick in my head that will certainly defer the marriage for three or four days at least, and in that time the devil's in't if you don't find an opportunity to run away with her.

D. Man. Would you so, Mr. Dog; but he'll be hanged.

Hyp. O, sir, you'll find we were mighty fortunate in this discovery.

D. Man. Pray, sir, let's hear: what was this trick to be, friend?

Trap. Why, sir, to alarm you that my master was an impostor, and that Slylooks was the true Don Philip, sent by his father from Seville to marry your

daughter; upon which (says he) the old put (meaning you again, sir,) will be so bamboozled, that—

D. Man. But pray, sir, how did young Mr. Coxcomb conclude that the old put was to believe all this? Had they no sham proofs that they proposed to bamboozle me with, as you call it?

Trap. You shall hear, sir; (the plot was pretty well laid too) I'll pretend, says he, that the rascal, your rival, (meaning you then, sir,) has robbed me of my portmanteau, where I had put up all my jewels, money, and letters of recommendation from my father: we are neither of us known in Madrid, says he, so that a little impudence and a grave face will certainly set those two dogs a snarling, while you run away with the bone. That's all, sir.

D. Man. Impudent rogue!

Hyp. What think ye, sir? Was not this business pretty handsomely laid?

Flo. Faith, it might have wrought a very ridiculous consequence.

D. Man. Why, truly, if we had not been forearmed by this discovery, for aught I know, Mr. Dog might have ran away with the bone indeed; but, if you please, sir, since these ingenious gentlemen are so pert upon the matter, we'll e'en let them see, that you and I have wit enough to do our business, and e'en clap up the wedding to-morrow morning.

Hyp. Sir, you are too obliging—But will your daughter, think ye, be prevailed with?

D. Man. Sir, I'll prepare her this minute—It's pity methinks we released that bully tho'——

Hyp. Not at all, sir; I don't suppose he can have
 “the impudence to pursue his design; or if he should,
 “sir,——now we know him beforehand.

D. Man. Nay, that's true as you say,—but there-
 “fore, methinks, I'd have him come: I love mightily
 “to laugh in my sleeve at an impudent rogue when
 “I'm sure he can do me no harm. Udsflesh! if he
 “comes, the dog sha'n't know whether I believe him
 “or not—I'll try if the old put can bamboozle him
 “or no.

Hyp. Egad, sir, you're in the right on't; knock
 “him down with his own weapon.

Trap. And when he's down I have a trick to keep
 “him so.

Flo. The devil's in it if we don't maul this rascal
 “among us.

D. Man. A son of a whore——I am sorry we let
 “him go so soon, faith.”

Flo. We might as well have held him a little.

Hyp. Really, sir, upon second thoughts, I wish we
 had—His excusing the challenge so abruptly, makes
 me fancy he is in hopes of carrying his point some
 other way——Did not you observe your daughter's
 woman whisper him?

D. Man. Humh!

Flo. They seemed very busy, that's certain.

Hyp. I can't say about what—but it will be worth
 our while to be upon our guard.

D. Man. I am alarmed.

Hyp. Where is your daughter at this time?

D. Man. I think she's pretty safe—but I'll go make her sure.

Flo. "'Twill be no harm to look about ye, sir." Where's her woman?

D. Man. I'll be upon her presently—she shall be searched for intelligence—You'll excuse me, gentlemen.

Hyp. Sir, the occasion presses you.

D. Man. If I find all safe, I'll return immediately, and then, if you please, we'll run over some old stories of my good friend Fernando—Your servant.

[*Exit. Don Man.*]

Hyp. Sir, your most humble servant—Trappanti, thou art a rare fellow; thou hast an admirable face, and when thou diest, I'll have thy whole statue cast all in the same metal.

Flo. 'Twere pity the rogue was not bred to the law.

Trap. So 'tis indeed, sir—A man should not praise himself; but if I had been bred to the gown, I dare venture to say I become a lie as well as any man that wears it.

Hyp. Nay, now thou art modest—But, sirrah, we have more work for ye: you must get in with the servants, attack the lady's woman; there, there's ammunition, rogue! [*Gives him money.*] Now try if you can make a breach into the secrets of the family.

Trap. Ah, sir, I warrant you—I could never yet meet with a woman that was this sort of pistol-proof

—I have known a handful of these do more than a barrel of gunpowder: the French charge all their cannon with 'em; the only weapon in the world, sir. I remember my old master's father used to say the best thing in the Greek grammar was—*Arguriois lonchasy machou, kai panta crateseis.* [Exit Trap.

Hyp. Well, dear Flora, let me kiss thee: thou hast done thy part to a miracle.

Flo. Egad, I think so: didn't I bear up briskly? Now if Don Philip should come while my blood's up, let him look to himself.

Hyp. We shall find him a little tough, I believe: for, poor gentleman! he is like to meet with a very odd reception from his father-in-law.

Flo. Nay, we have done his business there, I believe.

Hyp. How glibly the old gentleman swallowed Trappanti's lie!

Flo. And how rarely the rogue told it!

Hyp. And how soon it worked with him! for if you please, says he, we'll let him see that we have wit enough to do our business, and clap up the wedding to-morrow morning.

Flo. Ah, we have it all the way—Well, what must we do next.

Hyp. Why, now for the lady—I'll be a little brisk upon her, and then——

Flo. Victoria! [Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Continued. Enter VILETTA hastily, DON MANUEL and TRAPPANTI behind observing her.

Viletta.

So, with much ado I have given the old don the slip; he has dangled with me through every room in the house, high and low, up stairs and down, as close to my tail as a great boy hankering after one of his mother's maids. Well—now we will see what Monsieur Octavio says. [*Takes a letter from her bosom.*]

Trap. Hist! there she is, and alone. When the devil has any thing to do with a woman, sir, that's his time to take her. Stand close.

D. Man. Ah, he's at work already—There's a letter.

Trap. Leave her to me, sir, I'll read it.

Vil. Hah, two pistoles!—Well, I'll say that for him, the man knows his business; his letters always come post-paid.

[*While she is reading, Trappanti steals behind, and looks over her shoulder.*]

'Dear Viletta, convey the enclosed immediately to your mistress, and as you prize my life, use all possible means to keep the old gentleman from the closet till you are sure she is safe out of the window. Your real friend.'

Trap. Octavio!

[*Reading.*]

Vil. Ah!

[*Shrieking.*

Trap. Madam, your ladyship's most humble servant.

Vil. You're very impertinent, methinks, to look over other people's letters.

Trap. Why—I never read a letter in my life without looking it over.

Vil. I don't know any business you had to look upon this.

Trap. There's the thing—your not knowing that has put you into this passion.

Vil. You may chance to have your bones broke, Mr. Coxcomb.

Trap. Sweet Honeycomb! don't be so waspish; or if I keep your counsel, d'ye see, I don't know why my bones mayn't keep their places; but if I peach, whose bones will pay for it then?

Vil. Ha! the fool says true; I had better wheedle him.

[*Aside.*

Trap. My dear queen! don't be frightened—I come as a friend; now be serious.

Vil. Well, what would you have!

Trap. Don't you love money above any thing in the world—except one.

Vil. I except nothing.

Trap. Very good—and pray, how many letters do you expect to be paid for when Octavio has married your mistress, and has no occasion to write to her? Look you, child, though you are of counsel for him, use him like a true lawyer; make difficulties where

there are none, that he may see you where he needs not. Dispatch is out of practice? delay makes long bills; stick to it; once get him his cause, there's no more advice to be paid for.

Vil. What do you mean?

Trap. Why, that for the same reason I have no mind to put an end to my own fees by marrying my master: while they are lovers they will always have occasion for a confidant and a pimp; but when they marry—*serviteur*—good night vails; our harvest is over. What d'ye think of me now?

Vil. Why—I like what you say very well; but I don't know, my friend, to me—that same face of your's looks like the title-page to a whole volume of roguery—What is it you drive at?

Trap. Money, money, money. Don't you let your mistress marry Octavio: I'll do my best to hinder my master. Let you and I lay our heads together to keep them asunder, and so make a penny of them all three.

Vil. Look you, seignior, I'll meet you half way, and confess to you I had made a rough draught of this project myself: but say I should agree with you to go on upon't, what security can you give me for performance of articles?

Trap. More than bond or judgment—my person in custody.

Vil. Ah, that won't do.

Trap. No, my love! why, there's many a sweet bit in't—taste it. [*Offering to kiss her, she puts him away.*]

Vil. No.

Trap. Faith, you must give me one.

Vil. Indeed, my friend, you are too ugly for me; though I am not handsome myself, I love to play with those that are.

Trap. And yet, methinks, an honest fellow of my size and complexion, in a careless posture, playing the fool thus with his money.

[*Tosses a purse, she catches it, and he kisses her.*]

Vil. Psha! Well, if I must, come then—to see how a woman may be deceived at first sight of a man.

Trap. Nay, then, take a second thought of me, child. [*Again.*]

D. Man. Hah!—this is laying their heads together indeed. [*Behind.*]

Vil. Well, now get you gone; I have a letter to give to my mistress. Slip into the garden—I'll come t'ye presently.

Trap. Is't from Octavio?

Vil. Psha! begone, I say. [*Snatches the letter.*]

Trap. Hist! [*Trappanti beckons Don Manuel, who goes softly behind.*]

Vil. Madam! madam! ah!

D. Man. Now, strumpet, give me the other letter, or I'll murder you. [*Draws.*]

Vil. Ah lud! oh lud!—there! [*Squeaking.*]

D. Man. Now we shall see what my gentleman would be at—[*Reads.*—‘My dear angel!’—Ha! soft and impudent!—‘Depend upon me at the garden-door by seven this evening: pity my impatience, and

believe you can never come too soon to the arms of
your

OCTAVIA.

Ah! now would this rampant rogue make no more
of debauching my gentlewoman, than the gentle-
woman would of him, if he were to debauch her.—

Hold—let's see; what does he say here—um—um!

[*Reads to himself.*]

Vil. What a sot was I to believe this old fool durst
do me any harm! but a fright's the devil.—Would I
had my letters again—though 'tis no great matter :
or, as my friend Trappanti says, delaying Octavio's
business is doing my own.

D. Man. [*Reading.*]—Um—um! sure she is safe
out of the window. Oh, there the mine is to be
sprung then.—The gentleman makes a warm siege
on't in troth, and one would think was in a fair way
of carrying the place, while he has such an admirable
spy in the middle of the town.—Now, were I to act
like a true Spaniard, I ought to rip up this jade for
more intelligence; but I'll be wise; a bribe and a lie
will do my business a great deal better.—Now, gen-
tlewoman, what do ye think in your conscience I
ought to do to ye?

Vil. What I think in my conscience you'll not do
to me—make a friend of me—You see, sir, I dare be
an enemy.

D. Man. Nay, thou dost not want courage, I'll say
that for thee: but is it possible any thing can make
thee honest?

Vil. What do you suppose would make me otherwise?

D. Man. Money.

Vil. You have nick'd it.

D. Man. And would the same sum make thee surely one as t'other?

Vil. That I can't say neither; one must be heavier than t'other, or else the scale can't turn.

D. Man. Say it be so, would that turn thee into my interest?

Vil. The very minute you turn into mine, sir: judge yourself—here stands Octavio with a letter, and two pieces to give it to my mistress—there stand you with a hem! and four pieces—where would the letter go, d'ye think?

D. Man. There needs no more—I'm convinced and will trust thee—there's to encourage thee beforehand, and when thou bringest me a letter of Octavio's, I'll double the sum.

Vil. Sir, I'll do it—and will take care he shall write presently. [*Aside.*

D. Man. Now, as you expect I should believe you, begone, and take no notice of what I have discovered.

Vil. I am dumb, sir—— [*Exit Vil.*

D. Man. So, this was done like a wise general: and now I have taken the counterscarp there may be some hopes of making the town capitulate.—Rosara!

[*Unlocks the closet.*

Enter ROSARA.

Ros. Did you call me, sir?

D. Man. Ay, child. Come, be cheerful; what I have to say to you I'm sure ought to make you so.

Ros. He has certainly made some discovery; Villetta did not cry out for nothing—What shall I do—dissemble?

[*Aside.*

D. Man. In one word, set your heart at rest, for you shall marry Don Philip this very evening.

Ros. That's but short warning for the gentleman as well as myself, for I don't know that we ever saw one another. How are you sure he will like me?

D. Man. Oh, as for that matter, he shall see you presently; and I have made it his interest to like you—but if you are still positively resolved upon Octavio, I'll make but few words—pull off your clothes, and go to him.

Ros. My clothes, sir!

D. Man. Ay, for the gentleman sha'n't have a rag with you.

Ros. I am not in haste to be starved, sir.

D. Man. Then let me see you put on your best airs, and receive Don Philip as you should do.

Ros. When do you expect him, sir?

D. Man. Expect him, sir!—he has been here this hour—I only staid to get you out of the sullens.—He's none of your hum-drums—all life and mettle! 'Odzooks, he has the courage of a cock! a duel's but

a dance to him : he has been at sa ! sa !—sa, for you already.

Ros. Well, sir, I sha'n't be afraid of his courage, since I see you are resolved he shall be the man.—He shall find me a woman, sir, let him win me and wear me as soon as you please.

D. Man. Ah, now thou art my own girl ! hold but in this humour one quarter of an hour, and I'll toss the t'other bushel of doubloons into thy portion.—Here, bid a—Come, I'll fetch him myself—She's in a rare cue 'faith ! ah, if he does but nick her now.

[Exit Don Man.]

Ros. Now I have but one card to play—if that don't hit, my hopes are crushed indeed : if this young spark be not a downright coxcomb, I may have a trick to turn all yet.—Dear fortune ! give him but common sense, I'll make it impossible for him to like me—Here they come— *[Walks carelessly and sings.]*

I'll rove and I'll range——

Enter Don MANUEL and HYPOLITA.

"Hyp. I'll love and I'll change——[Sings with her.]

"D. Man. Ah, he has her, he has her !"

Hyp. Madam, I kiss your ladyship's hands : I find by your gaiety you are no stranger to my business. Perhaps you expected I should have come in with a grave bow and a long speech, but my affairs are in a little more haste ; therefore, if you please, madam, we'll cut the work short ; be thoroughly intimate at

ACT III. SHE WOU'D AND SHE WOU'D NOT. 65

the first sight, and see one another's humours in a quarter of an hour, as well as if we had been weary of them this twelvemonth.

D. Man. Ah!

Ros. Troth, sir, I think you are very much in the right: The sooner I see you, the sooner I shall know whether I like you or not.

Hyp. Psha! as for that matter, you'll find me a very fashionable husband; I sha'n't expect my wife to be over fond of me.

Ros. But I love to be in the fashion too, sir, in taking the man I have a mind to.

Hyp. Say you so? why, then, take me as soon as you please.

Ros. I only stay for my mind, sir: as soon as ever that comes to me, upon my word I'm ready to wait upon you,

Hyp. Well, madam, a quarter of an hour shall break no squares.—Sir, if you'll find an occasion to leave us alone, I see we shall come to a right understanding presently.

D. Man. I'll do it, sir. Well, child, speak in thy conscience, is not he a pretty fellow?

Ros. The gentleman's very well, sir, but methinks he is a little too young for a husband.

D. Man. Young! a fiddle! you'll find him old enough for a wife, I warrant ye. Sir, I must beg your pardon for a moment: but if you please, in the mea time, I'll leave you my daughter, and so pray make your best of her.

[Exit D. Man.]

Hyp. I thank ye, sir. [*Hyp. stands some time mute, looks carelessly at Rosara, and she smiles as in contempt of him.*] Why, now, methinks, madam, you had as good put on a real smile, for I am doomed to be the happy man, you see.

Ros. So my father says, sir.

Hyp. I'll take his word.

Ros. A bold man—but he'll break it.

Hyp. He won't.

Ros. He must.

Hyp. Whether he will or no?

Ros. He can't help it now.

Hyp. How so, pray?

Ros. Because he has promised you, you shall marry me; and he has always promised me, I should marry the man I could love.

Hyp. Ay—that is, he would oblige you to love the man you should marry.

Ros. The man that I marry will be sure of my love; but for the man that marries me—mercy on him!

Hyp. No matter for that, I'll marry you.

Ros. Come, I don't believe you are so ill-natured.

Hyp. Why, dost thou not like me, child?

Ros. Um—No.

Hyp. What's the matter?

Ros. The old fault.

Hyp. What?

Ros. I don't like you.

Hyp. Is that all?

Ros. No.

Hyp. That's hard—the rest.

Ros. That you won't like.

Hyp. I'll stand it—try me.

Ros. Why then, in short, I like another :—another man, sir, has got into my head, and has made such work there, you'll never be able to set me to rights as long as you live.—What d'ye think of me now, sir? Won't this serve for a reason why you should not marry me?

Hyp. Um—the reason is a pretty smart sort of a reason, truly : but it won't do.—To be short with ye, madam, I have reason to believe I shall be disinherited if I don't marry you.

Ros. And what have you reason to believe you shall be, if you do marry me?

Hyp. In the Spanish fashion, I suppose, jealous to a degree.

Ros. You may be in the English fashion, and something else to a degree.

Hyp. Oh, if I have not courage enough to prevent that, madam, let the world think me in the English city fashion, content to a degree. Now, here in Spain, child, we have such things as back rooms, barred windows, hard fare, poison, daggers, bolts, chains, and so forth.

Ros. Ay, sir and there are such things as bribes, plots, shams, letters, lies, walls, ladders, keys, confidants, and so forth.

Hyp. Hey! a very complete regiment indeed! what a world of service might these do in a quarter of an hour, with a woman's courage at the head of them! Really, madam, your dress and humour have the prettiest loose French air, something so quality, that let me die, madam, I believe in a month, I should be apt to poison ye.

Ros. So, it takes! [*Aside.*] And let me die, sir, I believe I should be apt to deserve it of ye.

Hyp. I shall certainly do it.

Ros. It must be in my breakfast then—for I should certainly run away before the wedding dinner came up.

Hyp. That's over-acted; but I'll startle her.
“ [*Aside.*] Then I must tell you, madam, a Spanish husband may be provoked as well as a wife.

“ *Ros.* My life on't, his revenge is not half so sweet; and if she's provoked, 'tis a thousand to one but she licks her lips before she's nailed in her coffin.

“ *Hyp.* You are very gay, madam.

“ *Ros.* I see nothing to fright me, sir, for I cannot believe you'll marry me now—I have told you my humour; if you like it you have a good stomach.

“ *Hyp.* Why, truly, you may probably lie a little heavy upon it, but I can better digest you than poverty: as for your inclination, I'll keep your body honest however; that shall be locked up; and if you don't love me then—I'll stab you.

“ *Ros.* With what ? your words ? it must be those
“ you say after the priest then—You’ll be able to do
“ very little that will reach my heart, I assure ye.

“ *Hyp.* Well, well, madam, you need not give
“ yourself half this trouble ; I am heartily convinced
“ you will make the damned’st wife that ever poor
“ dog of a husband wished at the devil : but really,
“ madam, you are very unfortunate, for notwith-
“ standing all the mighty pains you have taken, you
“ have met with a positive coxcomb, that’s still just
“ fool and stout enough to marry you.

“ *Ros.* ’Twill be a proof of your courage indeed.

“ *Hyp.* Madam, you rally very well, ’tis confessed ;
“ but now, if you please, we’ll be a little serious.

“ *Ros.* I think I am.—What does he mean. [*Aside.*”

Hyp. Come, come, this humour is as much affected
as my own : I could no more bear the qualities you
say you have, than I know you are guilty of them :
your pretty arts in striving to avoid, have charmed
me. “ Had you been precisely coy, or over-modest,
“ your virtue then might have been suspected : your
“ shewing me what a man of sense should hate, con-
“ vinces me you know too what he ought to love ;
“ and she that’s once so well acquainted with the
“ charms of virtue never can forsake it. I both ad-
“ mire and love you now ; you have made what only
“ was my interest my happiness.” At my first view
I woo’d you only to secure a sordid fortune, which
now I overjoyed could part with, nay, with my

life, with any thing, to purchase your unrivalled heart.

Ros. Now I am plunged indeed. [*Aside.*] Well, sir, I own you have discovered me; and since you have obliged me to be serious, I now, from my sincerity, protest my heart's already given, from whence no power nor interest shall recall it.

Hyp. I hate my interest, and would owe no power or title but to love.

Ros. If, as you say, you think I find a charm in virtue, you'll know too there's a charm in constancy. You ought to scorn me should I flatter you with hope, since now you are assured I must be false before I can be your's. If what I have said seems cold, or too neglectful of your merit, call it not ingratitude or scorn, but faith unmoved and justice to the man I love.

"*Hyp.* Death! I have fooled away my hopes; she must consent, and soon, or yet I'm lost. [*Aside.*

"*Ros.* He seems a little thoughtful; if he has honour there may yet be hopes. [*Aside.*"

Hyp. "It must—it can be only so; that way I make her sure, and serve my brother too. [*Aside.*]" Well, madam, to let you see I'm a friend to love, though love's an enemy to me, give me but a seeming proof that Octavio is the undisputed master of your heart, and I'll forego the power your father's obligations give me, and throw my hopes into his arms with you.

Ros. Sir, you confound me with this goodness. A

proof! is it possible? will that content ye? Command me to what proof you please; or if you'll trust to my sincerity, let these tears of joy convince you. Here, on my knees, by all my hopes of peace, I swear——

Hyp. Hold! swear never to make a husband but Octavio.

Ros. I swear, and Heaven befriend me as I keep this vow inviolate.

Hyp. Rise, madam, and now receive a secret which I need not charge you to be careful of, since as well your quiet as my own depends upon it. A little common prudence between us, in all probability, before night, may make us happy in our separate wishes.

Ros. What mean you, sir? sure you are some angel sent to my deliverance.

Hyp. Truly, madam, I have been often told so; but, like most angels of my kind, there is a mortal man in the world who I have a great mind should know that I am—but woman.

Ros. A woman! are not you Don Philip?

Hyp. His shadow, madam, no more; I just run before him——nay, and after him too.

“*Ros.* I am confounded—a woman!

“*Hyp.* As arrant a woman from top to toe as ever man run mad for.

“*Ros.* Nay, then you are an angel.

“*Hyp.* Perhaps you'll think me little a kin to one “at least.” Octavio, madam, your lover, is my brother; my name Hypolita; my story you shall know at leisure.

Ros. Hypolita! nay, then, from what you've said, and what I have heard Octavio say of you, I guess your story: but this was so extravagant a thought.

Hyp. That's true, madam, it—it—it was a little round about indeed; I might have found a nearer way to Don Philip; but these men are such testy things, they can never stay one's time; always in haste, just as they please; now we are to look kind, then grave; now soft, then sincere—"Fiddlestick! "when may be a woman has a new suit of knots on "her head—so if we happen not to be in their humour, forsooth, then we coquette, and are proud "and vain, and then they are to turn fools, and tell "us so; then one pouts and t'other huffs;" and so you see there is such a plague that—I don't know—one does not care to be rid of them neither.

Ros. A very generous confession!

Hyp. Well, madam, now you know me thoroughly; I hope you'll think me as fit for a husband as another woman.

Ros. Then I must marry ye?

Hyp. Ay, and speedily too, for I expect Don Philip every moment, and if we don't look about us, he will be apt to forbid the banns.

Ros. If he comes, what shall we do?

Hyp. I am provided for him—Here comes your father—"he's secure." Come, put on a dumb, consenting air, and leave the rest to me.

Ros. Well, this getting the better of my wise papa won't be the least part of my satisfaction.

Enter Don MANUEL.

D. Man. So, son, how does the battle go now? Have you cannonaded stoutly? Does she cry quarter?

Hyp. My dear father! let me embrace your knees; my life's too poor to make you a return—you have given me an empire, sir; I would not change to be Grand Signior.

D. Man. Ah, rogue! he has done it, he has done it; he has her! ha! is't not so, my little champion?

Hyp. Victoria, sir! the town's my own. Look here! and here, sir! thus have I been plundering this half hour; and thus, and thus, and thus, till my lips ache again. [Kisses her.]

D. Man. Ah, give me the great chair—I can't bear my joy—You rampant rogue! could not ye give the poor girl a quarter of an hour's warning?

Hyp. My charmer! [Embracing Rosara.]

D. Man. Ah, my cares are over!

Hyp. Oh, I told you, sir,—hearts and towns are never too strong for a surprise.

D. Man. Pr'ythee, be quiet, I hate the sight of ye—Rosara! come hither, you wicked thing, come hither, I say.

Ros. I am glad to see you so well pleased, sir.

D. Man. Oh, I cannot live—I can't live it; it pours upon me like a torrent; I am as full as a bumper—it runs over at my eyes; I shall choke—Answer me two questions, and kill me outright.

Ros. Any thing that will make you more pleased, sir.

D. Man. Are you positively resolved to marry this gentleman?

Ros. Sir, I am convinced 'tis the first match that can make me happy.

D. Man. I am the miserablest dog alive—and I warrant you are willing to marry him to-morrow morning if I should ask you?

Ros. Sooner, sir, if you think it necessary.

D. Man. Oh, this malicious jade has a mind to destroy me all at once—Ye cursed toad! how did you do to get in with her so? [To Hyp.

Ros. Come, sir, take heart, your joy won't be always so troublesome.

D. Man. You lie, hussy, I shall be plagued with it as long as I live.

Hyp. You must not live above two hours then.

[*Aside.*

D. Man. I warrant this raking rogue will get her with child too—I shall have a young squab Spaniard upon my lap, that will so grandpapa me!—Well, what want you, gloomy face?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's a gentleman desires to speak with you; he says he comes from Seville.

D. Man. From Seville! Ha! pr'ythee, let him go thither again--tell him, I am a little busy about being overjoyed.

Hyp. My life on't, sir, this must be the fellow that my servant told you of, employed by Octavio.

D. Man. Very likely.

Enter TRAPPANTI.

Trap. Sir, sir—News, news!

D. Man. Ay, this fellow has a good merry face now—I like him. Well, what dost thou say, lad?—
—But hold, sirrah! has any body told thee how it is with me?

Trap. Sir.

D. Man. Do you know, puppy, that I am ready to cry?

Trap. Cry, sir! for what?

D. Man. Joy! joy! you whelp; my cares are over; madam's to marry your master, sirrah, and I am as wet with joy as if I had been thrown into a sea full of good-luck.—Why don't you cry, dog?

Trap. Uh! Well, sir, I do—But now, if you please, let me tell you my business.

D. Man. Well, what's the matter, sirrah?

Trap. Nay, no great matter, sir, only—Slylooks is come, that's all.

D. Man. Slylooks! what, the bamboozler! ha, ha!

Trap. He, sir, he.

D. Man. I'm glad of it, faith—now I shall have a little diversion to moderate my joy—I'll wait on the gentleman myself—Don't you be out of the way, son; I'll be with ye presently—Oh my jaws! this fit will carry me off. Ye dear toad! good-by'e. [*Exit.*

Hyp. Ha, ha, ha! the old gentleman's as merry as

a fiddle; how he'll start when a string snaps in the middle of his tune!

Ros. At least, we shall make him change it, I believe.

Hyp. That we shall: and here comes one that's to play upon him.

Enter FLORA hastily.

Flo. Don Philip, where are you? I must needs speak with ye. Begging your ladyship's pardon, madam. [*Whispers Hyp.*] Stand to your arms; the enemy's at the gate, faith: but I've just thought of a sure card to win the lady into our party.

Ros. Who can this youth be she is so familiar with? he must certainly know her business here, and she is reduced to trust him. What odd things we women are! never to know our own minds. How very humble now has her pride made her!

Hyp. [*To Flo.*] I like your advice so well, that to tell you the truth, I have made bold to take it before you gave it me.

Flo. Is it possible?

Hyp. Come, I'll introduce ye.

Flo. Then the business is done.

Hyp. Madam, if your ladyship pleases. [*To Ros.*

Ros. Is this gentleman your friend, sir?

Hyp. This friend, madam, is my gentlewoman, at your service.

Ros. Gentlewoman! What, are we all going into breeches then?

Flo. That used to be my post, madam, when I wore a needle; but now I have got a sword by my side, I shall be proud to be your ladyship's humble servant.

Ros. Troth, I think it's a pity you should either of you ever part with your swords: I never saw a prettier couple of adroit cavaliers in my life.

Flo. Egad, I don't know how it is, madam, but methinks these breeches give me such a mettled air, I can't help fancying but that I left my sex at home in my petticoats.

Hyp. Why, faith, for ought I know, hadst thou been born to breeches instead of a *fille de chambre*, fortune might have made thee a *beau garcon* at the head of a regiment—But hush! there's Don Philip and the old gentleman: we must not be seen yet. If you please to retire, madam, I'll tell you how we intend to deal with them.

Ros. With all my heart—Come, ladies—Gentlemen, I beg your pardon. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Continues. Enter Don MANUEL and Don PHILIP.

Don Manuel.

WELL, sir; and so you were robbed of your port-manteau, you say, at Toledo, in which were all your letters and writings relating to your marriage with my daughter, and that's the reason you are come without them.

D. Ph. "I thought, sir, you might reasonably take
"it ill I should have lain a week or two in town,
"without paying you my duty:" I was not robbed
of the regard I owe my father's friend; that, sir, I
have brought with me, and 'twould have been ill
manners not to have paid it at my first arrival.

D. Man. Ah, how smooth the spark is! [*Aside.*]—
Well, sir, I am pretty considerably glad to see you;
but I hope you'll excuse me if, in a matter of this
consequence, I seem a little cautious.

D. Ph. Sir, I sha'n't propose any immediate pro-
gress in my affair till you receive fresh advice from
my father; in the mean time, I shall think myself ob-
liged by the bare freedom of your house, and such
entertainment as you'd at least afford a common
stranger.

D. Man. Impudent rogue! the freedom of my
house! yes, that he may be always at hand to secure
the main chance for my friend Octavio—But now
I'll have a touch of the bamboozle with him. [*Aside.*]
—Look ye, sir, while I see nothing to contradict
what you say you are, d'ye see, you shall find me a
gentleman.

D. Ph. So my father told me, sir.

D. Man. But then, on the other hand, d'ye see, a
man's honesty is not always written in his face; and
(begging your pardon) if you should prove a damn'd
rogue now, d'ye see.

D. Ph. Sir, I cann't in reason take any thing ill
that proceeds only from your caution.

D. Man. Civil rascal ! [*Aside.*] No, no, as you say, I hope you won't take it ill neither ; for how do I know, you know, but what you tell me (begging your pardon again, sir,) may be all a lie !

D. Ph. Another man, indeed, might say the same to you ; but I shall take it kindly, sir, if you suppose me a villain no oftener than you have occasion to suspect me.

D. Man. Sir, you speak like a man of honour, it is confessed ; but (begging your pardon again, sir,) so may a rascal too sometimes.

D. Ph. But a man of honour, sir, can never speak like a rascal.

D. Man. Why, then, with your honour's leave, sir, is there nobody here in Madrid that knows you ?

D. Ph. Sir, I never saw Madrid till within these two hours, though there is a gentleman in town that knew me intimately at Seville ; I met him by accident at the inn where I alighted ; he's known here ; if it will give you any present satisfaction, I believe I could easily produce him to vouch for me.

D. Man. At the inn, say ye, did you meet this gentleman ? What's his name, pray ?

D. Ph. Octavio Cruzado.

D. Man. Ha, my bully confessor ! this agrees word for word with honest Trappanti's intelligence—
[*Aside.*—Well, sir, and pray what does he give you for this job ?

D. Ph. Job, sir !

D. Man. Ay, that is, do you undertake it out of good fellowship, or are you to have a sort of fellow-feeling in the matter?

D. Ph. Sir, if you believe me to be the son of Don Fernando, I must tell ye, your manner of receiving me is what you ought not to suppose can please him, or I can thank you for; if you think me an impostor, I'll ease you of the trouble of suspecting me, and leave your house till I can bring better proofs who I am.

D. Man. Do so, friend; and in the mean time, d'ye see, pray give my humble service to the politician, and tell him, that to your certain knowledge the old fellow, the old rogue, and the old put, d'ye see, knows how to bamboozle as well as himself.

D. Ph. Politician! and bamboozle! Pray, sir, let me understand you, that I may know how to answer you.

D. Man. Come, come, don't be discouraged, friend—sometimes, you know, the strongest wits must fail. You have an admirable head, it is confessed, with as able a face to it as ever stuck upon two shoulders; but who the devil can help ill luck? for it happens at this time, d'ye see, that it won't do.

D. Ph. Won't do, sir?

D. Man. Nay, if you won't understand me now, here comes an honest fellow that will speak you point blank to the matter.

Enter TRAPPANTI.

Come hither, friend; dost thou know this gentleman?

Trap. Bless me, sir! is it you? Sir, this is my old master I lived with at Seville.

D. Ph. I remember thee; thy name's Trappanti; thou wert my servant when I first went to travel.

Trap. Ay, sir, and about twenty months after you came home too.

D. Ph. You see, sir, this fellow knows me.

D. Man. Oh, I never questioned it in the least, sir! Pr'ythee, what's this worthy gentleman's name, friend?

Trap. Sir, your honour has heard me talk of him a thousand times; his name, sir, his name is Guzman: his father, sir, old Don Guzman, is the most eminent lawyer in Seville, was the very person that drew up the settlement and articles of my master's marriage with your honour's daughter: this gentleman knows all the particulars as well as if he had drawn them up himself: but, sir, I hope there's no mistake in them that may defer the marriage.

D. Ph. Confusion!

D. Man. Now, sir, what sort of answer d'ye think fit to make me?

D. Ph. Now, sir, that I'm obliged in honour not to leave your house till I at least have seen the villain that calls himself Don Philip, that has robbed me of my portmanteau, and would you, sir, of your honour and your daughter——As for this rascal——

Trap. Sir, I demand protection.

[Runs behind Don Manuel.

D. Man. Hold, sir ; since you are so brisk, and in my own house too, call your master, friend : you'll find we have swords within can match you.

Trap. Ay, sir, I may chance to send you one will take down your courage. [*Exit Trappanti.*]

D. Ph. I ask your pardon, sir ; I must confess the villany I saw designed against my father's friend had transported me beyond good manners ; but be assured, sir, use me henceforward as you please, I will detect it though I lose my life. Nothing shall affront me now till I have proved myself your friend indeed, and Don Fernando's son,

D. Man. Nay, look ye, sir, I will be very civil too—I won't say a word—you shall e'en squabble it out by yourselves ; not but at the same time thou art to me the merriest fellow that ever I saw in my life.

Enter HYPOLITA, FLORA, and TRAPPANTI.

Hyp. Who's this that dares usurp my name, and calls himself Don Philip de las Torres ?

D. Ph. Ha ! this is a young competitor indeed !

[*Aside.*]

Flo. Is this the gentleman, sir ?

D. Man. Yes, yes, that's he : ha, ha !

D. Ph. Yes, sir, I'm the man who but this morning lost that name upon the road ; I'm informed an impudent young rascal has picked it out of some writings in the portmanteau he robbed me of, and has brought it hither before me. D'ye know any such, sir ?

Flo. The fellow really does it very well, sir.

D. Man. Oh, to a miracle! [Aside.

D. Ph. Pr'ythee, friend, how long dost thou expect thy impudence will keep thee out of gaol? Could not the coxcomb that put thee upon this inform thee too that this gentleman was a magistrate?

D. Man. Well said, my little champion.

D. Ph. Now, in my opinion, child, that might as well put thee in mind of thy own condition; for suppose thy wit and impudence should so far succeed as to let thee ruin this gentleman's family, by really marrying his daughter, thou canst not but know 'tis impossible thou shouldst enjoy her long; a very few days must unavoidably discover thee: in the meantime, if thou wilt spare me the trouble of exposing thee, and generously confess thy roguery, thus far I'll forgive thee; but if thou still proceedest upon his credulity to a marriage with the lady, don't flatter thyself that all her fortune shall buy off my evidence, for I'm bound in honour as well as law to hang thee for the robbery.

Hyp. Sir, you are extremely kind.

Flo. Very civil, egad.

Hyp. But may not I presume, my dear friend! this wheedle was offered as a trial of this gentleman's credulity? Ha, ha ha!

D. Man. Indeed, my friend, 'tis a very shallow one. Canst thou think I'm such a sot as to believe that if he knew 'twere in thy power to hang him, he would not have run away at the first sight of thee?

Trap. Ay, sir, he must be a dull rogue indeed that would not run away from a halter. Ha, ha, ha!

[*All laugh.*]

D. Ph. Sir, I ask your pardon; I begin now to be a little sensible of my folly—I perceive this gentleman has done his business with you effectually: however, sir, the duty I owe my father obliges me not to leave your cause, though I'll leave your house immediately: when you see me next, you'll know Don Philip from a rascal.

D. Man. Ah, 'twill be the same thing if I know a rascal from Don Philip! But if you please, sir, never give yourself any further trouble in this business; for what you have done, d'ye see, is so far from interrupting my daughter's marriage, that, with this gentleman's leave, I'm resolved to finish it this very hour; so that when you see your friend the politician, you must tell him you had cursed luck; that's all. Ha, ha, ha!

D. Ph. Very well, sir, I may have better when I see you next.

Hyp. Look ye, sir, since your undertaking (though you designed it otherwise) has promoted my happiness, thus far I pass it by; though I question if a man that stoops to do such base injuries dares defend them with his sword: however, now at least you're warned; but be assured, your next attempt——

D. Ph. Will startle you, my spark. I'm afraid you'll be a little humbler when you are handcuffed. Though you won't take my word against him, sir,

perhaps another magistrate may my oath, which, because I see his marriage is in haste, I am obliged to make immediately. If he can outface the law too, I shall be content to be the coxcomb then you think me.

[Exit D. Phil.]

D. Man. Ah, poor fellow! he's resolved to carry it off with a good face however. Ha, ha!

Trap. Ay, sir, that's all he has for't, indeed.

Hyp. Trappanti, follow him, and do as I directed.

[Aside to Trap.]

Trap. I warrant ye, sir.

[Exit Trap.]

D. Man. Ha! my little champion, let me kiss thee; thou hast carried the day like a hero. Man nor woman, nothing can stand before thee. I'll make thee monarch of my daughter immediately.

Hyp. That's the Indies, sir.

D. Man. Well said, my lad—Ah, my heart's going to dance again!—Pr'ythee let's in before it gets the better of me, and give the bride an account of thy victory.

Hyp. Sir, if you please to prepare the way, I'll march after you in form, and lay my laurels at her feet like a conqueror.

D. Man. Sayest thou so, my little soldier? Why then, I'll send for the priest, and thou shalt be married in triumph.

[Exit D. Man.]

Hyp. Now, Flora.

Flo. Ay, now, madam, who says we are not politicians? I'd fain see any turn of state managed with

half this dexterity. But pray, what is Trappanti detached for?

Hyp. Only to interrupt the motions of the enemy, girl, till we are safe in our trenches; for should Don Philip chance to rally upon us with an Alguazil and a warrant, before I am fast tied to the lady, we may be routed for all this.

Flo. Trappanti knows his business I hope.

Hyp. You'll see presently—But hush! here comes my brother: poor gentleman! he's upon thorns to; I have made Rosara write him a most provoking letter.

Flo. Nay, you have an admirable genius to mischief. But what has poor Octavio done to you, that he must be plagued too?

Hyp. Well, dear Flora, don't chide; indeed this shall be the last day of my reign. Come, now let's in, keep up the old Don's humour, and laugh at him.

Flo. Ay, there, with all my heart. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter OCTAVIO with a letter, and VILETTA.

OA. Rosara false! distraction!

Vil. Nay, don't be in such a passion.

OA. Confess it too! so changed within an hour!

Vil. Ah, dear sir, if you had but seen how the young gentleman laid about him, you'd ha' wondered how she held out so long.

OA. Death! 'tis impossible!

Vil. Common, sir, common. I have known a prouder lady as nimble as she.—What will you lay, that before the moon changes she is not false to your rival?

Oth. Don't torture me, Viletta.

Vil. Come, sir, take heart; my life on't you'll be the happy man at last.

Oth. Thou art mad. Does she not tell me here, in her letter, she has herself consented to marry another? nay, does not she insult me too with a—yet loves me better than the person she's to marry.

Vil. Insult! is that the best you can make on't? Ah, you men have such heads!

Oth. What dost thou mean?

Vil. Sir, to be free with you, my mistress is grown wise at last; my advice, I perceive, begins to work with her, and your business is done.

Oth. What was thy advice?

Vil. Why, to give the post of husband to your rival, and put you in for a deputy. You know the business of the place, sir, if you mind it: by the help of a few good stars and a little moonshine, there's many a fair perquisite may fall in your way.

Oth. Thou ravest, Viletta; 'tis impossible she can fall so low.

Vil. Ah, sir, you can't think how love will humble a body.

Oth. I'll believe nothing ill of her, till her own mouth confesses it: she can never own this letter: she can't but know I should stab her with re-

proaches? therefore, dear Vilettal ease me of my torments; go this moment, and tell her I'm upon the rack till I speak with her.

Vil. Sir, I dare not for the world? the old gentleman's with her; he'll knock my brains out.

Os. I'll protect thee with my life.

Vil. Sir, I would not venture to do it for—for—yes, I would for a pistole.

Os. Confound her—There, there'tis: dear Vilettal, be my friend this time, and I'll be thine for ever.

Vil. Now, sir, you deserve a friend. [*Exit Vil.*]

Os. Sure this letter must be but artifice, a humour to try how far my love can bear—and yet methinks she can't but know the impudence of my young rival, and her father's importunity, are too pressing to allow her any time to fool away: and if she were really false, she could not take a pride in confessing it. Death! I know not what to think: the sex is all a riddle, and we are the fools that crack our brains to expound them.

Re-enter VILETTA.

Now, dear Vilettal

Vil. Sir, she begs your pardon; they have just sent for the priest; but they will be glad to see you about an hour hence, as soon as the wedding's over.

Os. Vilettal!

Vil. Sir, she says, in short, she can't possibly speak with you now, for she is just going to be married.

Os. Death! daggers! blood! confusion! and ten thousand furies!

Vil. Heyday! what's all this for?

Os. My brains are turned, Viletta.

Vil. Ay, by my troth, so one would think, if one could but believe you had any at all: if you have three grains, I'm sure you can't but know her compliance with this match must give her a little liberty; and can you suppose she'd desire to see you an hour hence, if she did not design to make use of it?

Os. Use of it! death! when the wedding's over?

Vil. Dear sir, but the bedding won't be over, and I presume that's the ceremony you have a mind to be master of.

Os. Don't flatter me, Viletta.

Vil. Faith, sir, I'll be very plain: you are to me the dullest person I ever saw in my life; but if you have a mind, I'll tell her you won't come.

Os. No, don't say so, Viletta.

Vil. Then, pray, sir, do as she bids you; don't stay here to spoil your own sport; you'll have the old gentleman come thundering down upon ye by and bye, and then we shall have ye at your ten thousand furies again.—Hist! here's company; good-bye to ye.

[Exit Vil.]

Os. How now, what's the meaning of this?

Enter Don PHILIP, his Sword drawn, and TRAPPANTI.

D. Ph. Come, sir, there's no retreating now; this you must justify.

Trap. Sir, I will, and a great deal more; but, pray, sir, give me leave to recover my courage—I protest the keen looks of that instrument have quite frightened it away. Pray, put it up, sir.

D. Ph. Nay, to let thee see I had rather be thy friend than enemy, I'll bribe thee to be honest. Discharge thy conscience like a man, and I'll engage to make these five ten pieces.

Enter a Servant.

Trap. Sir, your business will be done effectually.

D. Ph. Here, friend, will ye tell your master I desire to speak with him?

OA. Don Philip!

D. Ph. Octavio! this is fortunate indeed!—the only place in the world I would have wished to have found you in.

OA. What's the matter?

D. Ph. You'll see presently.—But, pr'ythee, how stands your affair with your mistress?

OA. The devil take me if I can tell ye—I don't know what to make of her; about an hour ago she was for scaling walls to come at me; and this minute—whip, she's going to marry the stranger I told you of; nay, confesses too it is with her own consent; and yet begs by all means to see me as soon as her wedding's over.—Is not it very pretty?

Re-enter a Servant.

D. Ph. Something gay indeed.

Serv. Sir, my master will wait on you presently.

Oct. But the plague on't is, my love cannot bear this jesting.—Well, now, how stands your affair? have you seen your mistress yet?

D. Ph. No, I can't get admittance to her.

Oct. How so?

D. Ph. When I came to pay my duty here to the old gentleman——

Oct. Here!

D. Ph. Ay, I found an impudent young rascal here before me, that had taken my name upon him, robbed me of my portmanteau, and by virtue of some papers there, knew all my concerns to a title: he has told a plausible tale to her father, faced him down that I'm an impostor, and if I don't this minute prevent him, is going to marry the lady.

Oct. Death and hell! [*Aside.*] What sort of fellow was this rascal?

D. Ph. A little pert coxcomb: by his impudence and dress I guess him to be some French page.

“*Oct.* A white wig, red coat——

“*D. Ph.* Right; the very picture of the little Englishman we knew at Paris.”

Oct. Confusion! my friend at last my rival too——
Yet hold—my rival is my friend; he owns he has not seen her yet—— [*Aside.*

D. Ph. You seem concerned.

Oct. Undone for ever, unless dear Philip's still my friend.

D. Ph. What's the matter?

Oa. Be generous, and tell me, have I ever yet
 “deserved your friendship?”

D. Ph. I hope my actions have confessed it.”

Oa. Forgive my fears, and since 'tis impossible
 you can feel the pain of loving her you are engaged
 to marry, not having (as you own) yet ever seen her,
 let me conjure you, by all the ties of honour, friend-
 ship, and pity, never to attempt her more.

D. Ph. You amaze me!

Oa. 'Tis the same dear creature I so passionately
 dote on.

D. Ph. Is it possible? Nay then, be easy in thy
 thoughts, Oclavio; and now I dare confess the folly
 of my own: I'm not sorry thou art my rival here.
 In spite of all my weak philosophy, I must own the
 secret wishes of my soul are still Hypolita's.—I know
 not why, but “yet methinks the unaccountable re-
 “pulses I have met with here, look like an omen of
 “some new though far distant hope of her.”—I
 can't help thinking that my fortune still resolves,
 spite of her cruelty, to make me one day happy.

Oa. Quit but Rosara, I'll engage she shall be
 yours.

D. Ph. Not only that, but will assist you with my
 life to gain her: I shall easily excuse myself to my
 father for not marrying the mistress of my dearest
 friend.

Oa. Dear Philip, let me embrace you.—But how
 shall we manage the rascal of an impostor? Suppose
 you run immediately and swear the robbery against
 him?

D. Ph. I was just going about it, but accidentally meeting with this fellow, has luckily prevented me, who, you must know, has been chief engineer in the contrivance against me, but between threats, bribes, and promises, has confessed the whole roguery, and is now ready to swear it against him: so because I understand the spark is very near his marriage, I thought this would be the best and soonest way to detect him.

Oct. That's right; the least delay might have lost all: besides, I am here to strengthen his evidence, for I can swear that you are the true Don Philip.

D. Ph. Right.

Trap. Sir, with humble submission, that will be quite wrong.

Oct. Why so?

Trap. Because, sir, the old gentleman is substantially convinced, that 'tis you who have put Don Philip upon laying this pretended claim to his daughter, purely to defer the marriage, that in the mean time you might get an opportunity to run away with her; for which reason, sir, you'll find your evidence will but fly in your face, and hasten the match with your rival.

D. Ph. Ha! There's reason in that—All your endeavours will but confirm his jealousy of me.

Oct. What would you have me do?

Trap. Don't appear at the trial, sir.

D. Ph. By no means; rather wait a little in the

street: be within call, and leave the management to me.

Os. Be careful, dear Philip.

D. Ph. I always used to be more fortunate in serving my friend than myself.

Os. But hark ye, here lives an Alguazil at the next house; suppose I should send him to you to secure the spark in the mean time?

D. Ph. Do so: we must not lose a moment.

Os. I won't stir from the door.

D. Ph. You'll soon hear of me: away. [*Exit Os.*]

Trap. So, now I have divided the enemy, there can be no great danger if it should come to a battle—Basta! here comes our party.

D. Ph. Stand aside till I call for you. [*Trap. retires.*]

Enter Don MANUEL.

D. Man. Well, sir, what service have you to command me now, pray?

D. Ph. Now, sir, I hope my credit will stand a little fairer with you: all I beg is but your patient hearing:

D. Man. Well, sir, you shall have it.—“But then I must beg one favour of you too, which is, “to make the business as short as you can; for to “tell you the truth, I am not very willing to have “any farther trouble about it.

“*D. Ph.* Sir, If I don't now convince you of your “error, believe and use me like a villain; in the

"mean time, sir, I hope you'll think of a proper
"punishment for the merry gentleman that hath im-
"posed upon you.

"*D. Man.* With all my heart; I'll leave him to
"thy mercy."—Here he comes; bring him to trial
as soon as you please.

Enter FLORA and HYPOLITA.

Flo. So! Trappanti has succeeded; he's come with-
out the officers. [To Hyp.

Hyp. Hearing, sir, you were below, I did not care
to disturb the family, by putting the officers to
the trouble of a needless search: let me see your
warrant; I'm ready to obey it.

D. Man. Ay, where's your officer?

Flo. I thought to have seen him march in state,
with an Alguazil before him.

D. Ph. I was afraid, sir, upon second thoughts,
your business would not stay for a warrant, though
'tis possible I may provide for you, for I think this
gentleman's a magistrate: in the mean time—O!
here, I have prevailed with an Alguazil to wait upon
ye.

Enter Alguazil.

Alg. Did you send for me, sir?

D. Ph. Ay, secure that gentleman.

D. Man. Hold, hold, sir; all things in order: this
gentleman is yet my guest; let me be first acquainted
with his crime, and then I shall better know how he

deserves to be treated; and that we may have no hard words upon one another, if you please, sir, let me first talk with you in private. [*They whisper.*]

Hyp. Undone! that fool Trappanti, or that villain, I know not which, has at least mistaken or betrayed me! Ruined past redemption!

“*Flo.* Our affairs, methinks, begin to look with a very indifferent face.—Ha! the old Don seems surprised—I don’t like that—What shall we do?”

“*Hyp.* I am at my wit’s end. [*Aside.*]

“*Flo.* Then we must either confess or to gaol, that’s positive.

“*Hyp.* I’ll rather starve there than be discovered. Should he at last marry with Rosara, the very shame of this attempt would kill me.”

Flo. Death! what d’ye mean? that hanging look were enough to confirm a suspicion: bear up, for shame.

Hyp. Impossible! I am dash’d, confounded: if thou hast any courage left, shew it quickly. Go, speak before my fears betray me. [*Aside.*]

D. Man. If you can make this appear by any witness, sir, I confess ’twill surprise me indeed.

Flo. Ay, sir, if you have any witnesses, we desire you’d produce them.

D. Ph. Sir, I have a witness at your service, and a substantial one.—Hey! Trappanti!

Enter TRAPPANTI.

Now, sir, what think ye?

Hyp. Ha! the rogue winks—then there's life again. [*Aside.*] Is this your witness, sir?

D. Ph. Yes, sir; this poor fellow at last, it seems, happens to be honest enough to confess himself a rogue, and your accomplice.

Hyp. Ha, ha!

D. Ph. Ha, ha! you are very merry, sir.

D. Man. Nay, there's a jest between ye, that's certain—But come, friend, what say you to the business? have ye any proof to offer upon oath that this gentleman is the true Don Philip, and consequently this other an impostor?

D. Ph. Speak boldly.

Trap. Ay, sir; but shall I come to no harm if I do speak?

D. Man. Let it be the truth and I'll protect thee.

Trap. Are you sure I shall be safe, sir?

D. Man. I'll give you my word of honour: speak boldly to the question.

Trap. Well, sir, since I must speak, then, in the first place, I desire your honour would be pleased to command the officer to secure that gentleman.

D. Man. How, friend!

D. Ph. Secure me, rascal!

Trap. Sir, if I can't be protected I shall never be able to speak.

D. Man. I warrant thee—What is it you say, friend?

Trap. Sir, as I was just now crossing the street, this gentleman, with a sneer in his face, takes me by the hands, claps five pistoles in my palm, (here they

are) shuts my fist close upon 'em, my dear friend, says he, you must do me a piece of service; upon which, sir, I bows me him to the ground, and desired him to open his case.

D. Ph. What means the rascal?

D. Man. Sir, I am as much amazed as you; but pray let's hear him, that we may know his meaning.

Trap. So, sir, upon this he runs me over a long story of a sham and a flam he had just contrived, he said, to defer my master's marriage only for two days.

D. Ph. Confusion!

Flo. Nay, pray, sir, let's hear the evidence.

Trap. Upon the close of the matter, sir, I found at last, by his eloquence, that the whole business depended upon my bearing a little false witness against my master.

Hyp. Oh, ho!

Trap. Upon this, sir, I began to demur: sir, says I, this business will never hold water; don't let me undertake it; I must beg your pardon; gave him the negative shrug, and was for sneaking off with the fees in my pocket.

D. Man. Very well!

D. Ph. Villain!

Flo. and Hyp. Ha, ha, ha!

Trap. Upon this, sir, he catches me fast hold by the collar, whips out his poker, claps it within half an inch of my guts; now, dog! says he, you shall do it, or within two hours stink upon the dunghill you came from.

D. Ph. Sir, if there be any faith in mortal man—

D. Man. Nay, nay, nay, one at a time; you shall be heard presently. Go on, friend.

Trap. Having me at this advantage, sir, I began to think my wit would do me more service than my courage, so prudently pretended, out of fear, to comply with his threats, and swallow the perjury; but now, sir, being under protection, and at liberty of conscience, I have honesty enough, you see, to tell you the whole truth of the matter.

D. Man. Ay this is evidence indeed!

Omn. Ha, ha, ha!

D. Ph. Dog! villain! did not you confess to me that this gentleman picked you up not three hours ago at the same inn where I alighted? that he had owned his stealing my portmanteau at Toledo? that if he succeeded to marry the lady you were to have a considerable sum for your pains, and these two were to share the rest of her fortune between them?

Trap. O lud! O lud! Sir, as I hope to die in my bed, these are the very words; he threatened to stab me if I would not swear against my master—I told him at first, sir, I was not fit for his business; I was never good at a lie in my life.

Alg. Nay, sir, I saw this gentleman's sword at his breast out of my window.

Trap. Look ye there, sir!

D. Ph. Damnation!

Omn. Ha, ha, ha!

D. Man. Really, my friend, thou art almost turned

fool in this business: if thou hadst prevailed upon this wretch to perjure himself, couldst thou think I should not have detected him? But, poor man! you were a little hard put to it indeed; any shift was better than none it seems: you knew 'twould not be long to the wedding. You may go, friend.

[*Exit Alguazil.*]

Flo. Ha, ha!

D. Ph. Sir, by my eternal hopes of peace and happiness, you're imposed on. "If you proceed thus rashly, your daughter is inevitably ruined. If what I have said be not true in fact, as hell or he is false, may Heaven brand me with the severest marks of perjury." Defer the marriage but an hour.

D. Man. Ay, and in half that time, I suppose, you are in hopes to defer it for altogether.

D. Ph. Perdition seize me if I have any hope or thought but that of serving you.

D. Man. Nay, now thou art a downright distracted man—Dost thou expect I should take thy bare word, when here were two honest fellows that have just proved thee in a lie to thy face?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, the priest is come.

D. Man. Is he so? then, sir, if you please, since you see you can do me no farther service, I believe it may be time for you to go.—Come, son, now let's wait upon the bride, and put an end to this gentleman's trouble altogether. [Exit Don Manuel.]

Hyp. Sir, I'll wait on ye.

D. Ph. Confusion! I've undone my friend.

[Walks about.

Flo. [Aside.] Trappanti! rogue, this was a master-piece.

Trap. [Aside.] Sir, I believe it won't be mended in haste.

[Exeunt Flo. and Trap.

Hyp. Sir.

D. Ph. Ha! alone! If I were not prevented now—Well, sir.

Hyp. I suppose you don't think the favours you have designed me are to be put up without satisfaction, therefore I shall expect to see you early to-morrow near the Prado, with your sword in your hand; in the mean time, sir, I'm a little more in haste to be the lady's humble servant than yours.

[Going.

D. Ph. Hold, sir!—you and I can't part upon such easy terms.

Hyp. Sir!

D. Ph. You are not so near the lady, sir, perhaps as you imagine.

[D. Phil. locks the door.

Hyp. What d'ye mean?

D. Ph. Speak softly.

Hyp. Ha!

D. Ph. Come, sir—draw.

Hyp. My ruin has now caught me: "my plots are yet unripe for execution; I must not, dare not, let him know me till I am sure at least he cannot be another's"—This was the very spite of fortune

K

[Aside.

D. Ph. Come, sir, my time's but short.

Hyp. And mine's too precious to be lost on any thing but love; besides, this is no proper place.

D. Ph. O! we'll make shift with it.

Hyp. To-morrow, sir, I shall find a better.

D. Ph. No, now, sir, if you please—Draw, villain! or expect such usage as I'm sure Don Philip would not bear.

Hyp. A lover, sir, may bear any thing to make sure of his mistress—You know it is not fear that—

D. Ph. No evasions, sir; either this moment confess your villany, your name and fortune, or expect no mercy.

Hyp. Nay, then—within there!

D. Ph. Move but a step, or dare to raise thy voice beyond a whisper, this minute is thy last.

[Seizes her, and holds his sword to her breast.]

Hyp. Sir!

[Trembling.]

D. Ph. Villain! be quick, confess, or—

Hyp. Hold, sir—I own I dare not fight with you.

D. Ph. No, I see thou art too poor a villain—therefore be speedy, as thou hopest I'll spare thy life.

Hyp. Give me but a moment's respite, sir.

D. Ph. Dog, do you trifle?"

Hyp. Nay, then, sir—Mercy, mercy!

[Throws herself at his feet.]

And since I must confess, have pity on my youth, have pity on my love!

D. Ph. Thy love! what art thou, spark?

Hyp. Unless your generous compassion spares me,

sure the most wretched youth that ever felt the pangs and torments of a successful passion.

" *D. Ph.* Art thou indeed a lover then?—tell me thy condition.

" *Hyp.* Sir, I confess my fortune's much inferior to my pretences in this lady, though indeed I'm born a gentleman; and, bating this attempt against you, which, even the last extremities of a ruined love have forced me to, ne'er yet was guilty of a deed or thought that could debase my birth: but if you knew the torments I have borne from her disdainful pride, the anxious days, the long-watched winter nights I have endured, to gain of her perhaps at last a cold relentless look, indeed you'd pity me: my heart was so entirely subdued the more she slighted me the more I loved, and as my pains increased, grew farther from cure. Her beauty struck me with that submissive awe, that when I dared to speak, my words and looks were softer than an infant's blushes; but all these pangs of my persisting passion still were vain; nor showers of tears, nor storms of sighs, could melt or move the frozen hardness of her dead compassion!

" *D. Ph.* How very near my condition! [*Aside.*

" *Hyp.* But yet so subtle is the flame of love, spite of her cruelty, I nourished still a secret living hope, till hearing, sir, at last she was designed your bride, despair compelled me to this bold attempt of per-sonating you. Her father knew not me or my unhappy love; I knew too you ne'er had seen her

“face, and therefore hoped, when I should offer to
 “repair with twice the worth the value, sir, I robbed
 “you of, begging thus low for your forgiveness; I
 “say, I hoped at least your generous heart, if ever it
 “was touched like mine, would pity my distress, and
 “pardon the necessitated wrong.

“*D. Ph.* Is't possible? hast thou then loved to
 “this unfortunate degree?

“*Hyp.* Unfortunate indeed if you are still my ri-
 “val, sir; but were you not, I'm sure you'd pity
 “me.”

D. Ph. Nay, then, I must forgive thee. [*Raising*
her.] for I have known too well the misery not to pity
 —any thing in love.

“*Hyp.* Have you, sir, been unhappy there?

“*D. Ph.* Oh! thou hast probed a wound that
 “time or art can never heal.

“*Hyp.* O joyful sound!—[*Aside.*] Cherish that ge-
 “nerous thought, and hope from my success your
 “mistress or your fate may make you blest like me.”

D. Ph. Yet, hold—nor flatter thy fond hopes too
 far; for though I pity and forgive thee, yet I am bound
 in honour to assist thy love no farther than the justice
 of thy cause permits.

Hyp. What mean you, sir?

D. Ph. You must defer your marriage with this
 lady.

“*Hyp.* Defer it! Sir, I hope it is not her you love!

“*D. Ph.* I have a nearest friend that is beloved
 “and loves her with an equal flame to yours; to him

" my friendship will oblige me to be just, and yet in
 " pity of thy fortune thus far I'll be a friend to thee;
 " give up thy title to the lady's breath, and if her
 " choice pronounces thee the man, I here assure thee
 " on my honour to resign my claim, and not more
 " partial to my friend than thee, promote thy happi-
 " ness.

" *Hyp.* Alas, sir! this is no relief, but certain ruin.
 " I am too well assured she loves your friend.

" *D. Ph.* Then you confess his claim the fairer:
 " her loving him is a proof that he deserves her; if
 " so, you are bound in honour to resign her.

" *Hyp.* Alas, sir! women have fantastic tastes, that
 " love they know not what, and hate they know not
 " why; else, sir, why are you unfortunate?

" *D. Ph.* I am unfortunate, but would rather die
 " so than owe my happiness to any help but an en-
 " during love.

" *Hyp.* But, sir, I have endured, you see, in vain—

" *D. Ph.* If thou'dst not have me think thy story
 " false, thy soft pretence of love a cheat to melt me
 " into pity, and invade my justice, yield; submit thy
 " passion to its merit, and own I have proposed thee
 " like a friend."

Hyp. Sir, on my knees——

D. Ph. Expect no more from me; either comply
 this moment, or my sword shall force thee.

Hyp. Consider, sir——

D. Ph. Nay, then discover quick, tell me thy name
 and family.

Hyp. Hold, sir.

D. Ph. Speak, or thou diest. [*A noise at the door.*]

Hyp. Sir, I will—Ha! they are entering—O! for a moment's courage! Come on, sir!

[*She breaks from him, and draws, retiring till Don Manuel, Flora, and Trappanti, with Servants, rush in, and part them.*]

D. Man. Knock him down.

"*Flo.* Part them.

"*Hyp.* Away, rascal! [*To Trap. who holds her.*]

"*Trap.* Hold, sir, dear sir! hold; you have given him enough.

"*Hyp.* Dog! let me go, or I'll cut away thy hold.

"*D. Man.* Nay, dear son! hold, we'll find a better way to punish him.

"*Hyp.* Pray, sir, give me way—a villain, to assault me in the very moment of my happiness!

[*Struggling.*]

"*D. Ph.* By Heaven, sir, he this moment has confessed his villany, and begged my pardon upon his knees.

"*Hyp.* D'ye hear him, sir; I beg you let me go; this is beyond bearing.

"*D. Ph.* Thou liest, villain! 'tis thy fear that holds thee."

Hyp. Ah! let me go, I say.

"*Trap.* Help, ho! I'm not able to hold him."

D. Man. Force him out of the room there; call an officer; in the mean time secure him in the cellar.

D. Ph. Hear me but one word, sir.

D. Man. Stop his mouth——Out with him.

[*They hurry him off.*]

——Come, dear son! be pacified.

Hyp. A villain!

[*Walking in a heat.*]

Flo. Why should he be concerned, now he's secure?
such a rascal would but contaminate the sword of a
man of honour.

“*D. Man.* Ay, son, leave him to me and the law.”

Hyp. I am sorry, sir, such a fellow should have it
in his power to disturb me——But——

Enter ROSARA.

D. Man. Look; here's my daughter in a fright to
see for you.

Hyp. Then I'm composed again— [*Runs to Rosara.*]

Ros. I heard fighting here; I hope you are not
wounded, sir?

Hyp. I have no wound but what the priest can heal.

D. Man. Ay! well said, my little champion!

Hyp. Oh, madam, I have such a terrible escape to
tell you.

Ros. Truly I began to be afraid I should lose my
little husband.

Hyp. Husband, quotha! Get me but once safe out
of these breeches, if ever I wear them again——

D. Man. Come, come, children, the priest stays for
us.

Hyp. Sir, we wait on you.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Continues. Enter TRAPPANTI.

Trappanti.

WHAT in the name of roguery can this new master of mine be? he's either a fool or bewitched, that's positive.—First he gives me fifty pieces for helping him to marry the lady, and as soon as the wedding is over, claps me twenty more into the other hand to help him to get rid of her—Nay, not only that, but gives me a strict charge to observe his directions in being evidence against him as an impostor, to refund all the lies I have told in his service; to sweep him clear out of my conscience, and now to swear the robbery against him. What the bottom of this can be, I must confess, does a little puzzle my wit—There's but one way in the world I can solve it—He must certainly have some reason to hang himself that he's ashamed to own, and so was resolved first to be married, that his friends might not wonder at the occasion. But here he comes, with his noose in his hand.

Enter HYPOLITA and ROSARA.

Hyp. Trappanti, go to Don Pedro; he has business with you.

Trap. Yes, sir.

[*Exit Trap.*

Ros. Who's Don Pedro, pray.

Hyp. Flora, madam; he knows her yet by no other name.

Ros. Well, if Don Philip does not think you deserve him, I am afraid he won't find another woman that will have him in haste.—But this last escape of yours was such a masterpiece!

Hyp. Nay, I confess, between fear and shame, I would have given my life for a ducat.

Ros. Though I wonder, when you perceived him “so sensibly touched with his old passion, how you “had patience to conceal yourself any longer.

Hyp. Indeed I could not easily have resisted it, “but that I knew, if I had been discovered before my “marriage with you, your father, to be sure, would “have insisted then upon his contract with him, “which I did not know how far Don Philip might “be carried in point of honour to keep; I knew too “his refusing it would but the more incense the old “gentleman against my brother's happiness with you; “and I found myself obliged, in gratitude, not to “build my own upon the ruin of yours.

Ros. This is an obligation I never could deserve.

Hyp. Your assistance, madam, in my affair has “overpaid it.”

Ros. What's become of Don Philip? I hope you have not kept him prisoner all this while?

Hyp. Oh, he'll be released presently; Flora has her orders.—Where's your father, madam?

Ros. I saw him go towards his closet; I believe

he's gone to fetch you part of my fortune—he seemed in mighty good humour.

Hyp. We must be sure to keep it up as high as we can, that he may be the more stunned when he falls.

Ros. With all my heart : methinks I am possessed with the very spirit of disobedience—Now could I, in the humour I am in, consent to any mischief that would but heartily plague my old gentleman, “for daring to be better than his word to Octavio.”

Hyp. And if we don't plague him— But here he comes.

Enter Don MANUEL.

D. Man. Ah, my little conqueror ! let me embrace thee !—That ever I should live to see this day !—this most triumphant day ! this day of all days in my life !

Hyp. Ay, and of my life too, sir. [*Embracing him.*

D. Man. Ay, my cares are over—now I have nothing to do but to think of the other world, for I've done all my business in this ; got as many children as I could, and now I'm grown old, have set a young couple to work that will do it better.

Hyp. I warrant ye, sir, you'll soon see whether your daughter has married a man or no.

D. Man. Ah, well said ! and that you may never be out of humour with your business, look you here, children, I have brought you some baubles that will

make you merry as long as you live; twelve thousand pistoles are the least value of them; the rest of your fortune shall be paid in the best Barbary gold to-morrow morning.

Hyp. Ay, sir, this is speaking like a father! this is encouragement indeed!

D. Man. Much good may do thy heart and soul with them—and Heaven bless you together!—I have had a great deal of care and trouble to bring it about, children, but thank my stars 'tis over—'tis over now—now I may sleep with my doors open, and never have my slumbers broken with the fear of rogues and rivals.

Ros. Don't interrupt him, and see how far his humour will carry him. [To *Hyp.*

D. Man. But there is no joy lasting in this world; we must all die, when we have done our best, sooner or later; old or young, prince or peasant, high or low, kings, lords, and—common whores, must die! nothing certain; we are forced to buy one comfort with the loss of another. Now I have married my child, I have lost my companion—I have parted with my girl—her heart's gone another way now—She'll forget her old father—I shall never have her wake me more, like a cheerful lark, with her pretty songs in a morning—I shall have nobody to chat at dinner with me now, or take up a godly book, and read me to sleep in an afternoon. Ah! these comforts are all gone now. [Weeps.

Hyp. How very near the extreme of one passion is

to another! Now he is tired with joy till he is downright melancholy.

Ros. What's the matter, sir?

D. Man. Ay, my child! now it comes to the test, methinks I don't know how to part with thee.

Ros. Oh, sir! we shall be better friends than ever.

D. Man. Uh, uh! shall we? wilt thou come and see the old man now and then? Well, Heaven bless thee! give me a kiss—I must kiss thee at parting: be a good girl, use thy husband well, make an obedient wife, and I shall die contented.

Hyp. Die, sir! Come, come, you have a great while to live—Hang these melancholy thoughts! they are the worst company in the world at a wedding—Consider, sir, we are young; if you would oblige us, let us have a little life and mirth, a jubilee to-day at least: stir your servants; call in your neighbours; let me see your whole family mad for joy, sir.

D. Man. Ha! shall we! shall we be merry then?

Hyp. Merry, sir! ay, as beggars at a feast. What! shall a dull Spanish custom tell me, when I am the happiest man in the kingdom, I sha'n't be as mad as I have a mind to? Let me see the face of nothing to-day but revels, friends, feasts, and music, sir.

D. Man. Ah! thou shalt have thy humour—thou shalt have thy humour! Hey, within there! roguish dogs! slaves! where are my rascals? Ah, my joy flows again—I can't bear it.

Enter several Servants.

Serv. Did you call, sir?

D. Man. Call, sir! ay, sir. What's the reason you are not all out of your wits, sir! don't you know that your young mistress is married, scoundrels?

1st. Serv. Yes, sir; and we are all ready to be mad as soon as your honour will please to give any distracted orders.

Hyp. You see, sir, they only want a little encouragement.

D. Man. Ah, there shall be nothing wanting this day, if I were sure to beg for it all my life after—Here, sirrah, cook! look into the Roman history, see what Mark Antony had for supper when Cleopatra first treated him *cher entree*: rogue, let me have a repast that will be six times as expensive and provoking—Go.

2d. Serv. It shall be done, sir.

D. Man. And, d'ye hear? one of you step to Monsieur Vendevin, the king's butler, for the same wine that his majesty reserves for his own drinking; tell him he shall have his price for it.

1st. Serv. How much will you please to have, sir?

D. Man. Too much, sir; I'll have every thing on the outside of enough to day. Go you, sirrah, run to the theatre, and detach me a regiment of fiddlers, and singers, and dancers; and you, sir, to my nephew, Don Louis, give my service, and bring all his family along with him.

Hyp. Ay, sir, this is as it should be; now it begins to look like a wedding.

D. Man. Ah, we'll make all the hair in the world stand an end at our joy.

Hyp. Here comes Flora—Now, madam, observe your cue.

Enter FLORA.

Flo. Your servant gentlemen—I need not wish you joy—You have it I see—Don Philip, I must needs speak with you.

Hyp. Psha! Pr'ythee don't plague me with business at such a time as this.

Flo. My business won't be deferred, sir.

Hyp. Sir!

Flo. I suppose you guess it, sir; and I must tell you, I take it ill it was not done before.

Hyp. What d'ye mean?

Flo. Your ear, sir.

[They whisper.]

D. Man. What's the matter now, trow?

Ros. The gentleman seems very free, methinks.

D. Man. Troth, I don't like it.

Ros. Don't disturb them, sir—We shall know all presently.

Hyp. But what have you done with Don Philip?

Flo. I drew the servants out of the way while he made his escape; I saw him very busy in the street with Octavio and another gentleman; Trappanti dogged them, and brings me word they just now went into the Corrigidore's in the next street—therefore what we do, we must do quickly. Come, come, put on your fighting face, and I'll be with them presently.

[Aside.]

Hyp. [*Aloud.*] Sir, I have offered you very fair; if you don't think so, I have married the lady, and take your course.

Flo. Sir, our contract was a full third; a third part's my right, and I'll have it, sir.

D. Man. Hey!

Hyp. Then I must tell you, sir, since you are pleased to call it your right, you shall not have it.

Flo. Not, sir!

Hyp. No, sir!—Look ye, don't put on your pert airs to me—'gad I shall use you very scurvily.

Flo. Use me!—You little son of a whore, draw.

Hyp. Oh, sir, I am for you.

[*They fight, and D. Man. interposes.*]

Ros. Ah, help! murder! [*Runs out.*]

D. Man. Within there! help! murder!—Why, gentlemen, are ye mad? pray, put up.

Hyp. A rascal!

D. Man. Friends and quarrel? for shame!

Flo. Friends! I scorn his friendship; and since he does not know how to use a gentleman, I'll do a public piece of justice, and use him like a villain.

Hyp. Let me go.

D. Man. Better words, sir. [*To Flo.*]

Flo. Why, sir, do ye take this fellow for Don Philip?

D. Man. What do ye mean, sir?

Flo. That he has cheated me as well as you—but I'll have my revenge immediately. [*Exit Flo.*]

[*Hyp. walks about, and D. Man. stares.*]

D. Man. Hey! what's all this?—what is it—my heart misgives me.

Hyp. Hey! who waits there? Here you! [*To a servant.*] bid my servant run, and hire me a coach and four horses immediately.

Serv. Yes, sir.

[*Exit Serv.*]

D. Man. A coach!

Enter VILETTA.

Vil. Sir, sir! bless me! what's the matter, sir? are you not well?

D. Man. Yes, yes—I am—that is—hal

Vil. I have brought you a letter, sir.

D. Man. What business can he have for a coach?

Vil. I have brought you a letter, sir, from Octavio.

D. Man. To me?

Vil. No, sir, to my mistress—he charged me to deliver it immediately, for he said it concerned her life and fortune.

D. Man. How! let's see it—There's what I promised thee—begone. What can this be now! [*Reads.*] 'The person whom your father ignorantly designs you to marry, is a known cheat, and an impostor; the true Don Philip, who is my intimate friend, will immediately appear with the Corrigidore, and fresh evidence against him. I thought this advice, though from one you hate, would be well received, if it came time enough to prevent your ruin. OCTAVIO.' Oh, my heart! this letter was not designed to fall

into my hands—I am affrighted—I dare not think on't.

Re-enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, your man is not within.

Hyp. Careless rascal, to be out of the way when my life's at stake—Pr'ythee, do thou go and see if thou canst get me any post-horses.

D. Man. Post horses!

Enter ROSARA.

Ros. Oh, dear sir, what was the matter?

D. Man. Hey!—

Ros. What made them quarrel, sir?

D. Man. Child!—

Ros. What was it about, sir?—You look concerned.

D. Man. Concerned!

Ros. I hope you are not hurt, sir. [*To Hyp. who minds her not.*—What's the matter with him, sir? he won't speak to me.

[*To D. Man.*

D. Man. A—speak!—a—go to him again—try what fair words will do, and see if you can pick out the meaning of all this.

Ros. Dear sir! what's the matter? [*To Hyp.*

D. Man. Ay, sir, pray what's the matter?

Hyp. I'm a little vexed at my servant's being out of the way, and the insolence of this other rascal.

D. Man. But what occasion have you for post-horses, sir?

Hyp. Something happens a little cross, sir.

D. Man. Pray, what is it ?

Hyp. I'll tell you another time, sir.

D. Man. Another time, sir !—pray, satisfy me now.

Hyp. Lord, sir ! when you see a man out of humour.

D. Man. Sir, it may be I'm as much out of humour as you ; and I must tell ye I don't like your behaviour, and I'm resolved to be satisfied.

Hyp. Sir, what is it you'd have ? [*Peevishly.*]

D. Man. Look ye, sir—in short—I—I have received a letter.

Hyp. Well, sir.

D. Man. I wish it may be well, sir.

Hyp. Bless me, sir ! what's the matter with you ?

D. Man. Matter, sir !—in troth, I'm almost afraid and ashamed to tell ye—but if you must needs know—there's the matter, sir. [*Gives the letter.*]

Enter Don LOUIS.

D. Lou. Uncle, I am your humble servant.

D. Man. I am glad to see you, nephew.

D. Lou. I received your invitation, and am come to pay my duty : but here I met with the most surprising news.

D. Man. Pray, what is it ?

D. Lou. Why, first your servant told me my young cousin was to be married to-day, to Don Philip de las Torres ; and just as I was entering your doors who should I meet but Don Philip, with the Corrigi-

dore and several witnesses, to prove, it seems, that the person whom you were just going to marry my cousin to, has usurped his name, betrayed you, robbed him, and is in short a rank impostor!

Hyp. So, now it's come home to him.

D. Man. Dear nephew! don't torture me. Are ye sure you know Don Philip when you see him?

D. Lou. Know him, sir! were we not school-fellows, fellow-collegians, and fellow-travellers?

D. Man. But are you sure you may not have forgot him, neither?

D. Lou. You might as well ask me if I had not forgot you, sir.

D. Man. But one question more, and I am dumb for ever—is that he?

D. Lou. That, sir! no, nor in the least like him—But, pray, why this concern? I hope we are not come too late to prevent the marriage?

D. Man. Oh, oh, oh, oh! my poor child!

Ros. Oh!

[*Seems to faint.*]

Enter VILETTA.

Vil. What's the matter, sir?

D. Man. Ah! look to my child.

D. Lou. Is this the villain, then, that has imposed on you?

Hyp. Sir, I'm this lady's husband, and while I'm sure that name can't be taken from me, I shall be contented with laughing at any other you or your party dare give me.

D. Man. Oh!

D. Lou. Nay then, within there!—such a villain ought to be made an example.

Enter Corrigidore and Officers, with DON PHILIP, OCTAVIO, FLORA, and TRAPPANTI.

Oh gentlemen, we're undone! all comes too late! my poor cousin's married the impostor!

D. Ph. How!

Oct. Confusion!

D. Man. Oh, oh!

D. Ph. That's the person, sir, and I demand your justice.

Oct. And I.

Flo. And all of us.

D. Man. Will my cares never be over?

Cor. Well, gentlemen, let me rightly understand what 'tis you charge him with, and I'll commit him immediately—First, sir, you say these gentlemen all know you to be the true Don Philip?

D. Lou. That, sir, I presume, my oath will prove.

Oct. Or mine.

Flo. And mine.

Trap. Ay, and mine too, sir.

D. Man. Where shall I hide this shameful head?

Flo. And for the robbery, that I can prove upon him; he confessed to me at Toledo he stole this gentleman's portmanteau there to carry on his design upon this lady, and agreed to give me a third part of her fortune for my assistance, which he refusing

to pay as soon as the marriage was over, I thought myself obliged in honour to discover him.

Hyp. Well, gentlemen, you may insult me if you please; but I presume you'll hardly be able to prove that I'm not married to the lady, or have not the best part of her fortune in my pocket; so do your worst; I own my ingenuity, and am proud on't.

D. Man. Ingenuity, abandoned villain!—But, sir, before you send him to gaol I desire he may return the jewels I gave him as part of my daughter's portion.

Cor. That cann't be, sir—since he has married the lady her fortune's lawfully his. All we can do is to prosecute him for robbing this gentleman.

D. Man. Oh that ever I was born!

Hyp. Return the jewels, sir! If you don't pay me the rest of her fortune to-morrow morning you may chance to go to gaol before me.

D. Man. Oh that I were buried! will my cares never be over?

Hyp. They are pretty near, it, sir; you cann't have much more to trouble you.

Cor. Come, sir, if you please, I must desire to take your affidavit in writing. [*Goes to the table with Flora.*]

D. Ph. Now, sir, you see what your own rashness has brought ye to. “How shall I be stared at when “I give an account of this to my father, or your “friends in Seville; you'll be the public jest; your “understanding or your folly will be the mirth of “every table.”

D. Man. Pray forbear, sir.

Hyp. Keep it up, madam. [*Aside to Ros.*

Ros. Oh, sir! how wretched have you made me! Is this the care you have taken of me for my blind obedience to your commands? this my reward for filial duty?

D. Man. Ah, my poor child!

Ros. But I deserve it all for ever listening to your barbarous proposal, when my conscience might have told me my vows and person, in justice and honour, were the wronged Octavio's.

D. Man. Oh, oh!

Oct. Can she repent her falsehood then at last? Is't possible? then I'm wounded too! Oh, my poor undone Rosara! [*Goes to her.*] Ungrateful! cruel! perjured man! "how canst thou bear to see the light
"after this heap of ruin thou hast raised, by tearing
"thus asunder the most solemn vows of plighted
"love?"

D. Man. Oh, don't insult me; I deserve the worst you can say—I'm a miserable wretch, and I repent me.

"*Oct.* Repent! canst thou believe whole years of
"sorrow will atone thy crime? no; groan on, sigh
"and weep away thy life to come, and when the stings
"and horrors of thy conscience have laid thy tortured
"body in the grave—then, then—as thou dost me,
"when it is too late, I'll pity thee."

Vil. Sol here's the lady in tears, the lover in rage, the old gentleman out of his senses, most of the com-

pany distracted, and the bridegroom in a fair way to be hanged—the merriest wedding that ever I saw in my life. [To Hyp.

Cor. Well, sir, have you any thing to say before I make your warrant?

Hyp. A word or two, and I obey ye, sir.—Gentlemen, I have reflected on the folly of my action, and foresee the disquiets I am like to undergo in being this lady's husband; therefore, as I own myself the author of all this seeming ruin and confusion, so I am willing (desiring first the officers may withdraw) to offer something to the general quiet.

Ob. What can this mean?

D. Ph. Psha! some new contrivance—Let's begone.

D. Lou. Stay a moment; it can be no harm to hear him—Sir, will you oblige us?

Cor. Wait without— [Exeunt Officers.

Vil. What's to be done now, trow?

Trap. Some smart thing I warrant ye: the little gentleman hath a notable head, faith!

Flo. Nay, gentlemen, thus much I know of him, that if you can but persuade him to be honest, 'tis still in his power to make you all amends, and in my opinion 'tis high time he should propose it.

D. Man. Ay, 'tis time he were hanged, indeed, for I know no other amends he can make us.

Hyp. Then I must tell you, sir, I owe you no reparation; the injuries which you complain of, your sordid avarice and breach of promise here have justly

brought upon you.—“ Had you, as you were obliged, “ in conscience and in nature, first given your daughter with your heart, she had now been honourably “ happy, and, if any, I the only miserable person “ here.

“ *D. Lou.* He talks reason.

“ *D. Ph.* I don't think him in the wrong there, “ indeed.”

Hyp. Therefore, sir, if you are injured you may thank yourself for it.

D. Man. Nay, dear sir—I do confess my blindness, and could heartily wish your eyes or mine had dropped out of our heads before ever we saw one another.

Hyp. Well, sir, (however little you have deserved it) yet, for your daughter's sake, if you'll oblige yourself by signing this paper to keep your first promise, and give her with her full fortune to this gentleman, I'm still content, on that condition, to disannul my own pretences, and resign her.

“ *Os.* Ha! what says he?

“ *D. Lou.* This is strange!”

D. Man. Sir, I don't know how to answer you, for I can never believe you'll have good nature enough to hang yourself out of the way to make room for him.

Hyp. Then, sir, to let you see I have not only an honest meaning but an immediate power to make good my word, I first renounce all title to her fortune; these jewels which I received from you I give him

free possession of; and now, sir, the rest of her fortune you owe him with her person.

“*Oct.* I am all amazement!

“*D. Lou.* What can this end in?

“*D. Ph.* I am surprised, indeed!”

D. Man. This is unaccountable, I must confess—
But still, sir, if you disannul your pretences, how you'll persuade that gentleman, to whom I am obliged to contract, to part with his——

D. Ph. That, sir, shall be no let; I am too well acquainted with the virtue of my friend's title to entertain a thought that can disturb it.

Hyp. “Then my fears are over.” [*Aside.*] Now, sir, it only stops at you,

D. Man. Well, sir, I see the paper is only conditional, and since the general welfare is concerned I won't refuse to lend you my helping hand to it; but if you should not make your words good, sir, I hope you won't take it ill if a man should poison you?

D. Ph. And, sir, let me too warn you how you execute this promise; your flattery and dissembled penitence has deceived me once already, which makes me, I confess, a little slow in my belief; therefore, take heed, expect no second mercy; for, be assured of this, I never can forgive a villain.

Hyp. If I am proved one spare me not—I ask but this—Use me as you find me.

D. Ph. That you may depend on.

D. Man. There, sir. [*Gives Hyp. the writing signed*]

Ros. Now I tremble for her. [*Aside.*

Hyp. And now, Don Philip, I confess you are the only injured person here.

D. Ph. I know not that—do my friend right and I shall easily forgive thee.

Hyp. His pardon, with his thanks, I am sure I shall deserve; but how shall I forgive myself? Is there in nature left a means that can repair the shameful slights, the insults, and the long disquiets you have known from love?

D. Ph. Let me understand thee.

Hyp. Examine well your heart; and if the fierce resentment of its wrongs has not extinguished quite the usual soft compassion there, revive at least one spark, in pity of my woman's weakness.

D. Man. How! a woman!

D. Ph. Whither wouldst thou carry me?

Hyp. Not but I know you generous as the heart
 “of Love; yet let me doubt if even this low sub-
 “mission can deserve your pardon—Don't look on
 “me: I cannot bear that you should know me yet.”
 —The extravagant attempt I have this day run
 through, to meet you thus justly, may subject me to
 your contempt and scorn, unless the same forgiving
 goodness that used to overlook the failings of Hy-
 polita prove still my friend, and soften all with the
 excuse of love.

Æt. My sister! Oh, Rosara! Philip!”

[*All seem amazed.*]

D. Ph. Oh, stop this vast effusion of my tran-
 sported thoughts! “ere my offending wishes break

“their prison through my eyes, and surfeit on for-
 “bidden hopes again: or if my tears are false, if
 “your relenting heart is touched at last in pity of my
 “enduring love, be kind at once, speak on, and
 “awake me to the joy, while I have sense to hear
 “you.

Hyp. “Nay, then I am subdued indeed! Is it
 “possible, ’spite of my follies, still your generous
 “heart can love? ’Tis so! your eyes confess it, and
 “my fears are dead.—Why then should I blush, to
 “let at once the honest fullness of my heart gush
 “forth?”

Oh, Philip! Hypolita is—yours for ever.

[*They advance slowly, and at last rush into one another's arms.*]

D. Ph. “Oh, ecstasy! distracting joy!—Do I then
 “live to call you mine? Is there an end at last of
 “my repeated pangs, my sighs, my torments, and
 “my rejected vows? is it possible—is it she?—Oh,
 “let me view thee thus with aching eyes, and feed
 “my eager sense upon the transport of thy love
 “confessed! What, kind! and yet,” *it is, it is*
 Hypolita! and yet ’tis she! I know her by the busy
 pulses at my heart, which only love like mine can
 feel, and she alone can give. [*Eagerly embracing her.*]

“*Hyp.* Now, Philip, you may insult our sex’s
 “pride, for I confess you have subdued it all in me;
 “I plead no merit but my knowing yours: I own the
 “weakness of my boasted power, and now am only
 “proud of my humility.

M ij

D. Ph. Oh, never! never shall thy empire
 “cease! ’Tis not in thy power to give thy power
 “away: this last surprise of generous love has
 “bound me to thy heart, a poor indebted wretch for
 “ever.

Hyp. No more; the rest the priest should say—
 “But now our joys grow rude—Here are our friends
 “that must be happy too.

D. Ph. Louis! Octavio! my brother now! oh,
 “forgive the hurry of a transported heart.”

D. Man. A woman! and Octavio’s sister!

Oct. That heart that does not feel, as ’twere its
 “own, a joy like this ne’er yet confessed the power
 “of friendship nor of love.” [*Embracing him.*]

D. Man. Have I then been pleased, and plagued,
 and frighted out of my wits by a woman all this
 while? Odsbud! she is a notable contriver! Stand
 clear, ho! for if I have not a fair brush at her lips,
 nay, if she does not give me the hearty smack too,
 odswinds and thunder! she is not the good humoured
 girl I took her for.

Hyp. Come, sir, I won’t baulk your good humour.
 [*He kisses her.*] And now I have a favour to beg of
 you: you remember your promise; only your blessing
 here, sir. [*Octavio and Rosara kneel.*]

D. Man. Ah, I can deny thee nothing; and since
 I find thou art not fit for my girl’s business thyself,
 Odzooks! it shall never be done out of the family—
 and so, children, Heaven bless you together!—Come,
 I’ll give you her hand myself, you know the way to

her heart; and as soon as the priest has said grace, he shall toss you the rest of her body into the bargain.—And now my cares are over again.

Oct. We'll study to deserve your love, sir.—Oh, Rosara!

Ros. Now, Octavio, do you believe I loved you better than the person I was to marry?

Oct. Kind creature! you were in her secret then?

Ros. I was, and she in mine.

Oct. Sister! what words can thank you?

Hyp. Any that tell me of Octavio's happiness.

D. Ph. My friend successful too! then my joys are double.—But how this generous attempt was started first; how it has been pursued, and carried with this kind surprise at last, gives me wonder equal to my joy.

Hyp. Here is one that at more leisure shall inform you all: she was ever a friend to your love, has had a hearty share in the fatigue, and now I am bound in honour to give her part of the garland too.

D. Ph. How! she!

Flo. Trusty Flora, sir, at your service. I have had many a battle with my lady upon your account; but I always told her we should do her business at last.

D. Man. Another metamorphosis! Brave girls, faith! 'Odzooks! we shall have them make campaigns shortly!

D. Ph. "Take this as earnest of my thanks;" in Seville I'll provide for thee.

Hyp. Nay, here's another accomplice too, confe-

derate I can't say, for honest Trappanti did not know but that I was as great a rogue as himself.

Trap. It's a folly to lie; I did not indeed, madam—But the world cannot say I have been a rogue to your ladyship—and if you had not parted with your money——

Hyp. Thou hadst not parted with thy honesty.

Trap. Right, madam; but how should a poor naked fellow resist when he had so many pistoles held against him. [*Shews money.*]

D. Man. Ay, ay, well said, lad.

Vil. La! a tempting bate indeed! Let him offer to marry me again if he dares. [*Aside.*]

D. Ph. Well, Trappanti, thou hast been serviceable however, and I'll think of thee.

Old. Nay, I am his debtor too.

Trap. Ah, there's a very easy way, gentlemen, to reward me; and since you partly owe your happiness to my roguery, I should be very proud to owe mine only to your generosity.

Old. As how, pray?

Trap. Why, sir, I find by my constitution that it is as natural to be in love as an hungry, and that I ha'n't a jot less stomach than the best of my betters; and though I have often thought a wife but dining every day upon the same dish, yet methinks it's betier than no dinner at all: and, for my part, I had rather have no stomach to my meat than no meat to my stomach: upon which consideration, gentlemen and ladies, I desire you'll use your interest with Madona here——to let me dine at her ordinary.

D. Man. A pleasant rogue, faith! 'Odzooks! the jade shall have him. Come, hussy, he's an ingenious person.

Vil. Sir, I don't understand his stuff; when he speaks plain, I know what to say to him.

Trap. Why then, in plain terms, let me a lease of your tenement—marry me.

Vil. Ay, now you say something—I was afraid, by what you said in the garden, you had only a mind to be a wicked tenant at will.

Trap. No, no, child, I have no mind to be turned out at a quarter's warning.

Vil. Well, there's my hand—and now meet me as soon as you will with a canonical lawyer, and I'll give you possession of the rest of the premises.

D. Man. 'Odzooks! and well thought of; I'll send for one presently. Hear you, sirrah, run to Father Benedict again, tell him his work don't hold here, his last marriage is dropped to pieces, but now we have got better tackle, he must come and stitch two or three fresh couple together as fast as he can.

“ *Enter Servant.*

“ *Serv.* Sir, the music's come.

“ *D. Man.* Ah, they could never take us in a better time—let them enter—Ladies, and sons and daughters, for I think you are all akin to me now, will you be pleased to sit? [*After the Entertainment.*]

“ *D. Man.* Come, gentlemen, now our collation waits.

"Enter Servant.

"Serv. Sir, the priest's come.

"D. Man. That's well; we'll dispatch him presently."

D. Ph. Now, my Hypolita,

*Let our example teach mankind to love,
From thine the fair their favours may improve;
To the quick pains you give our joys we owe,
Till those we feel these we can never know.
But warn'd with honest hope from my success,
Ev'n in the height of all its miseries,
Oh, never let a virtuous mind despair,
For constant hearts are Loves peculiar care.*

[Exeunt Omnes.]



EPILOGUE.

'MONGST all the rules the Ancients had in vogue,
We find no mention of an Epilogue,
Which plainly shows they're innovations, brought
Since rules, design, and nature, were forgot;
The custom therefore our next Play shall break,
But now a joyful motive bids us speak;
For while our arms return with conquest home,
While children prattle *Vigo* and the boom,
Is't fit the mouth of all mankind, the Stage, be dumb?
While the proud Spaniards read old annals o'er,
And on the leaves in lazy safety pore,
Essex and Raleigh thunder on their shore;
Again their Donships start and mend their speed,
With the same fear of their forefathers dead.
While *Amadis de Gaul* laments in vain,
And wishes his young *Quixote* out of Spain:
While foreign forts are but beheld and seiz'd,
While English hearts tumultuously are pleas'd,
Shall we, whose sole subsistence purely flows
From minds in joy or undisturb'd repose,
Shall we behold each face with pleasure glow,
Unthankful to the arms that made them so?
Shall we not say——
Old English honour now revives again
Mem'rably fatal to the pride of Spain,

But hold——

*While Anne repeats the vengeance of Eliza's reign!
For to the glorious conduct sure that drew
A Senate's grateful vote our adoration's due;
From that alone all other thanks are poor,
Tho' old triumphing Romans ask'd no more,
And Rome indeed gave all within its power.
But your superior stars, that know too well
You English heroes should old Rome's excel,
To crown your arms beyond the bribes of spoil
Rais'd English beauty to reward your toil:
Tho' seiz'd of all the rifled world had lost
So fair a circle [To the Boxes] Rome could never
boast.*

*Proceed, auspicious Chiefs! inflame the war,
Pursue your conquest, and possess the fair,
That ages may record of them and you
They only could inspire what you alone could do.*

THE END.

